The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 15, 1920

CAMPAIGN CHARGES

MR. COX has been repeating his charges that the Republicans have undertaken to buy the Presidency. He insists that he will continue to repeat these charges until election time. He has, however, submitted no proof. He has apparently not even acquainted his party associates with any evidence that they regard as proof.

Meanwhile, the Senatorial committee which has been investigating the use of funds for campaign purposes has been listening to witnesses in Chicago. We take the following excerpts from the report of these hearings as published in the New York "World," which is an intensely partisan supporter of Mr. Cox. Mr. White, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, was testifying.

Senator Spencer then put this question to Mr. White: "Mr. White, do you know of any sinister financial or industrial influences which are trying to make a continuance of profiteering possible by their contributions to the Republican National Committee or the Republican party?"

"I have, of course, read the Governor's speech at Pittsburgh," replied Mr. White, "and through long personal and political relations with the Governor I always found him to be able to prove what he charged, and that is the only source of information I have in regard to it."

"That is, so far as you know, you could not give us any evidence of any sinister financial and industrial influences which are trying to make a continuance of profiteering possible by their contributions or assistance to the Republican National Committee or to the Republican party?"

"The only evidence that I have would not assist your Committee. I have no evidence."

"Can you give us any indication as to where such evidence might be obtained?" asked Senator Spencer.

"Yes, from the Governor of Ohio," replied Mr. White.

"Do you know of anything that he has in mind or any evidence that he has that we have not got? Could you give us the names of any man or men that can?"

"The Governor collected the evidence himself and I believe has it in his possession."

"Do you know, Mr. White, of any evidence whatever or any place where we could secure any evidence that millions have been contributed to the campaign fund of the Republican party with sinister intent? I am quoting from Governor Cox's speech."

"Not so far as I know."

Again:

"Have you one particle of evidence to present to this Committee to sustain the charges that Governor Cox has made in his speeches?" asked Mr. Kenyon.

"None whatever," replied Mr. White.

The belief on the part of certain men in politics that great wealth should have special power in public life, and should have privileges which it can honestly buy and pay for, has long been a menace to liberty in self-government and continues to be. That belief, however, is not confined to the politicians of any one party. It has been practiced by the Republican ring in Philadelphia. It has been

International

FREDERICK W. UPHAM, REPUBLICAN NATIONAL TREASURER, IN CHARGE OF THE PARTY'S NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FUND

practiced and professed by the Democratic ring in New York. Citizens with even a rudimentary sense of honesty ought to combat this belief as well as the practice of it wherever they find it. And honest citizens who want to reduce the influence of mere wealth in politics are hindered, not helped, by unsubstantiated charges such as those that have been made again and again in this campaign by Mr. Cox. Even some of his own supporters are beginning to recognize this fact. The New York "Times," one of the most respectable and influential of them, has in an editorial deplored this aspect of the campaign, although it has not recognized Mr. Cox's responsibility for it. When a candidate makes such charges as these and cannot support them, he does irreparable harm. The only reparation he can make is to withdraw them and frankly to acknowledge the wrong he has done.

SUFFRAGE STILL SEEMS TO BE OVER THE TOP

AFTER the suffrage forces had apparently carried the Tennessee trenches, the anti-suffrage forces attempted to wrest from them their hard-won victory. As The Outlook has already reported, the vote for ratification in the lower house of Tennessee was put through despite the absence of numerous legislators who had fled to Alabama in an attempt to break the quorum. This effort failed to prevent the House from voting for ratification or the Governor of Tennessee from certifying that the ratification had been completed.

When the wandering legislators returned, the Tennessee House of Representatives voted to expunge from its journal all record of ratification of the Federal Suffrage Amendment and to refuse concurrence in the action of the Senate in ratifying that Amendment. The Attorney-General of Tennessee has expressed the opinion that reconsideration of the resolution of ratification was legally impossible. A legal fight between Constitutional lawyers seems imminent, but there is no indication that Secretary Colby will regard the action of the returned legislators as having any bearing upon the validity of the Amendment. It may take a decision of the Supreme Court to unravel the last of the suffrage tangle, but there seems little likelihood that women will be deprived of the Federal suffrage at the coming Presidential election. What would happen if the women voted and then the Supreme Court declared that the Amendment was invalid?

THE PATIENT PUBLIC AND THE STRIKERS

IN one sense the public is not patient with industrial warfare. When such contests are going on as those now raging in connection with the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company and the anthracite industry, the public is highly irritated, is loud in its denunciation, and is more indignant at the fact that such strikes should be possible than discriminating in studying the causes of the strikes. But once peace is established again, whether justly or not, the public falls back into its mood of patient indifference. The moral is obvious. The old order under which business suffers, consumers are harassed, convenience and comfort are destroyed, and often violence and killing

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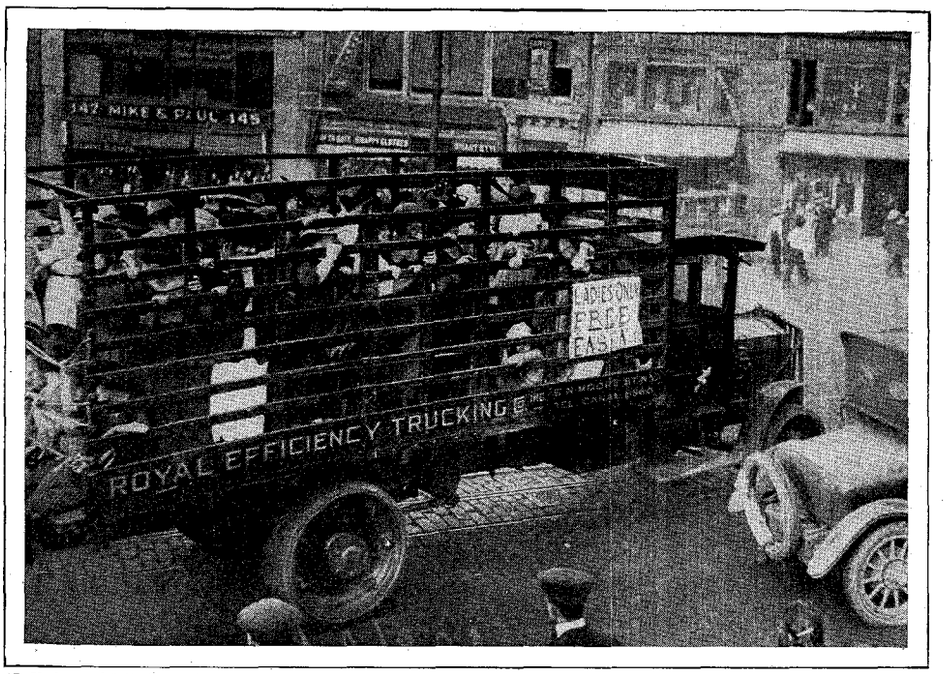

(C) Underwood & Underwood

A TROLLEY STRIKE—MOTOR TRUCKS TAKE THE PLACE OF CARS IN BROOKLYN

are accompaniments—this state of things, we say, will continue until such time as an adequate plan for dealing with such disputes is adopted. Such a plan, in our judgment, must include the incorporation of unions in order that their strikes may be enforced as the contracts of other corporations can be, the right of collective bargaining, restriction of the right to strike by labor engaged in industries of the public utility character, and with that the just and necessary corollary of the establishment of a body to arbitrate by and with authority.

The accounts of the strike in Brooklyn read like those of many previous strikes of this kind in American cities; the men claim that they have not received a reasonable increase in wages as compared with present conditions; the company disputes this; the company offers terms which include the right of collective bargaining, but declines to allow the men to be heard through the association which called the strike; the calling in of strike-breakers results in rioting, violence, and a list of dead and wounded.

Every good citizen agrees that the very first thing to be done is the restoration of order and the protection of property. But when that is done, there should be such a fair method of conciliation and arbitration as will satisfy the public. What is even more important than that is that such a disgraceful state of things should lead to public action and public sentiment that would make its repetition impossible.

If organized labor means to secure approval, it is time that it gave stringent utterance to disapproval of the irresponsible breaking of contracts. That is a thing the dishonesty of which every citizen can understand, however little he may know of the merits of individual disputes.

The refusal of the miners in the anthracite field to accept the report of an arbitration board upon which they were represented and whose decision they had pledged themselves to accept is, on the face of it, such a violation of contract. Yet at least one hundred thousand coal miners threw down their picks and went on "vacation." This subterfuge, by which the union officers hope to avoid responsibility, shows that the new strike is rightly the work of "outlaws" and is of the same character as other "vacation" strikes under ultra-radical influence within the last two years. That these breakers of contract should declare that they will go back if President Wilson will reopen the arbitration which has already been decided would seem to be a piece of sheer industrial impertinence.

As we write there are evidences that not all the anthracite workers take this stand, and it is to be hoped that peace and active work will be resumed. If not, the immense number of people who depend upon anthracite for domestic comfort may look forward to a distressingly hard winter.

THE RUSSIAN REDS AND POLISH PATRIOTS

THE most notable military event in the fighting which has continued between the Red armies and the forces of Poland during the futile efforts to establish an armistice has been the total defeat and rout of General Dubenny's Bolshevist cavalry. This army—for it is a considerable force, and rather remarkable in view of the general disuse of cavalry in the recent Great War—has been described by one writer as "a motley aggregation of scoundrels capable of any act c cruelty." When General Haller, a traine and skilled officer, fairly had a chance t meet this semi-disciplined force, he mad short work of them. Despatches stat that the Poles captured thousands c prisoners, sixteen guns, and large qua tities of material. Incidentally, the vi tory throws light on the exaggerated ide which have obtained in some quarters as r gards the military efficiency of the Bolsl evist army. Since the patriotic ardor o the Poles has been aided by the wis counsels of such French strategists a General Weygand and Marshal Foc and since the counsel has been backed b the aid of hundreds of French office and considerable amounts of war materia the Reds have made a very poor showin in the field.

The attempts to come to an armistic agreement at Minsk failed utterly. Polis delegates were treated with insult an subjected to restrictions suitable for pri oners of war rather than for peace del gates. They returned to Poland disguste and hopeless as to the possibility of com ing to terms with the ruthless and semi barbarian Bolshevist tyrants. That Russi will some time shake itself loose from th control of the comparatively small bu concentrated body of dictators, uphel by the arms of bandits and ex-soldier who receive special privileges, woul seem to be a matter of time only.

THE HUNGER STRIKE AS A WEAPON

THE struggle between the Britis Government and the promoters o violence and murder in Ireland still cer ters, as we write, about the singular case c Mr. MacSwiney, who, while he was Mayo of the great city of Cork, aided an abetted plans of violence which wer simply murderous in their nature. Hi defiance of the Government, as we hav already stated, took the form of wha amounts to attempted suicide by starva tion. It is well known that the huma body can sustain life without foo (though not without water) for day extending into weeks. On September Mr. MacSwiney was still living, but i was reported that his condition was ex tremely feeble.

There is a logical argument that ma be urged against the common statemen that there should be no interference wit a man who chooses to take the cours adopted by Mr. MacSwiney, but there i no just argument to be adduced in favo of the release of the prisoner. It may b said that it is the duty of government t prevent suicide; that the authoritie would not sit quietly by and allow a pri oner to cut his throat or hang himself t the bars of his cell. That is true, and

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might be deduced that the authorities were accordingly bound to preserve MacSwiney's life by forcible feeding or any such method deemed proper and efficacious by medical authority. That this could be done in his case we see no reason to doubt. But what is absolutely clear is that for the British Government to release a prisoner shown to be guilty of heinous offenses would be to surrender the reins of government and to abandon the enforcement of justice and law.

Mr. Bonar Law in an open letter states that not only was MacSwiney a leader in the so-called Irish Republic's army, which has openly declared itself at war with the legal Government of Ireland, and might have been lawfully executed as a rebel and traitor, but that, "according to his own written words in one of the seditious documents for which he was convicted, he and his followers had determined to pursue their own ends, asking no mercy and making no compromise."

It is obvious that if the Government yields in one such case it will be obliged to yield in many others. The release of such a public enemy should not be considered as a question of individual mercy, but as a large public question. The Chief Secretary of Ireland has justification in his bitter remark that "none of the mercy which some seek to invoke for the Lord Mayor was shown to the eighty policemen who have lost their lives in Ireland." The condition of civic strife, riots, cowardly shooting of policemen and soldiers from ambush, which has come about in Ireland cannot be ignored, nor can it be remedied by weak concessions. Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Chief Secretary, declares that the present lawlessness "is the work of a small body of men who are striving by carefully planned anarchy to impose secession from the British Empire on eighty per cent of the people of Ireland who do not want to secede."

A despatch to the London "Times" on September 7 quotes David Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, as saying that if guarantees are given that the murder of policemen in Ireland will cease the Premier is convinced that Lord Mayor MacSwiney and the other hunger strikers will be released from prison.

But from whom could such guarantees be obtained except from those who have been privy to murder, and how far could such men be trusted, even if it should seem to be within the dignity of the Government to make such a bargain?

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

THERE is little, if any, doubt that General Alvarado Obregon has been elected President of Mexico, although the latest reports from Mexico City to reach us (dated September 6) state that the returns were then scattering and unofficial. Indeed, his election has been regarded as a foregone conclusion since the downfall and tragic death of Carranza.

Obregon stood for election as the candidate of the Liberal Constitutional party, and was opposed by only one rival, Alfredo Dominguez, who represented the National Republican party.

Despite the shadow over Obregon's name because of the treacherous killing of Carranza, or, more strictly, because of the lack of adequate punishment for those concerned in the deed, he is generally regarded as a man of ability and of moderate political views, with ambition to advance the material interests of his country and to maintain friendly relations with the United States. As a soldier he has had no superior in Mexico during the recent troublous years, and his military skill was undoubtedly far superior to that of Carranza. His crushing defeat of Villa in 1914 was preceded by the quelling of the Orosco revolution in Chihuahua in 1911, and when he lent his aid to the movement against Carranza, whose Minister of War he had been, the fate of the Presidential election and the fall of Carranza became all but certain.

One of the most encouraging indications that Obregon may prove something more than a soldier and revolutionist is found in an expression recently attributed to him.

"I would rather teach the Mexican people," he said, "the use of the toothbrush than to handle a rifle. I would rather see them in schools than upon battlefields. I prefer any day a good electrician, machinist, carpenter, or farmer to a soldier."

AMENDING THE LEAGUE

TWO international meetings bearing on the League of Nations are to be held abroad this fall.

A meeting of the League Assembly is to be held November 15. Certain amendments to the Constitution of the League—*i. e.*, the Covenant to which the nations constituting the League have subscribed—will be submitted by the Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish Governments.

The correspondent who sends us this information from England adds the comment: "There is every reason to think the League Covenant will be as frequently changed as was the American Constitution." We hope that it will be changed not more frequently but more radically. He calls attention to the work which has already been accomplished toward realizing a World Court, as reported in these columns, and he thinks

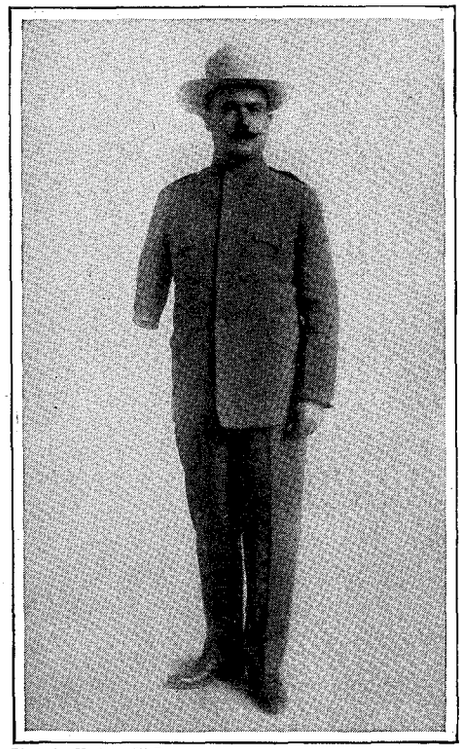

Photo by Hadeur, El Paso
GENERAL OBREGON

that "it is equally possible that the greatest source of attack, namely, Article X, might be amended or interpreted by the nations which give the Covenant validity." The more important of the amendments proposed by the Scandinavian Governments is one providing that in case a League blockade is proclaimed against any state a neighboring state may get from the Executive Council permission to modify or disregard the blockade, "provided that such action is considered necessary to prevent the blockaded state from threatening or attacking its neighbor."

AN INTERNATIONAL FINANCIAL CONFERENCE

THE other international meeting is to be held at Brussels, September 24, under the auspices of the League of Nations.

This is to be an International Financial Conference. To this Conference states not members of the League, including the United States, will be invited on equal terms with the states in the League. The members of each national delegation will vote, not as a national group, but as individuals. The decisions of the Conference will be advisory; there will be no legislative enactments, but recommendations to be submitted to the various states, whether in the League or not, for their action. This Conference will thus be in spirit akin to the Hague Conferences and the Postal Union.

Both these meetings seem to us helpful indications. They both look in the direction of a voluntry association of the nations in lieu of a quasi-military alli-

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ance, and of an association the first object of which will be the definition and interpretation of international law, and its second object a democratically organized Assembly in which national opinion on great international questions can be exchanged and an individual public opinion can be gradually developed.

A NOTABLE ADDRESS

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES, British Ambassador to the United States, recently made a notable address before the American Bar Association at St. Louis, tracing the development of free government, accepting Abraham Lincoln's definition of it as government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," stating his belief that this is the best form of government that the human race has been able to devise, but expressing a doubt whether even now in Europe there is a majority which supports it, and his conviction that there is not a majority which understands it. He points out two great world forces which are bitterly opposed to it—the reactionaries who have great possessions and great interests and no faith in the intelligence and virtue of the plain people, and the Bolsheviki and their supporters, whose avowed object it is to establish a privileged class and force the control of that class upon all the rest of the community. To meet this danger he says:

> Whatever difficulties might arise between our nations, I believe that nothing is more important than this, that you and we stand together to defend the hard-won hope of mankind that, through law made by the people for their own disciplining, man will at last escape from the toils that have snared the feet of his ancestors and will have taken a great stride toward the solution of the problem of how he shall live in communities in peace and ordered freedom one with another.

We believe that the great body of the American people, if this issue is put clearly and forcibly before them, will desire to unite in defending the liberty of the world against its assailants. National interest and National honor forbid America to be neutral in such a world conflict. But it is also clear that the American people will not consent to allow an international body, however constituted, to decide for them when and how they will take part in the defense of the world's liberty. The spirit if not the letter of our Constitution requires that each generation should be left free to determine as circumstances arise whether this Nation will take part in any war.

As we have heretofore said, and as we reiterate in an editorial elsewhere in this issue, America wishes to bear her share of civilization's burden, but she will never consent that other nations shall determine for her what that share is.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

AT Forest Hills, Long Island, on September 6, William T. Tilden (who won the British championship earlier in the summer) defeated his ancient rival, William M. Johnston, the former National title-holder, for the crown of American tennis. Tilden defeated his rival only after five terrific sets, scored at 6–1, 1–6, 7–5, 5–7, 6–3. The match was considered by all those who witnessed it as one of the most dramatic and impressive examples of first-class tennis ever seen on an American court.

It takes a newspaper man to understand a newspaper man. Richard Barry is a newspaper man. His estimates of Harding and of Cox, which will appear in the next issue of The Outlook, tell what kind of newspaper men they are and what kind of papers they have been publishing. One of these middle-aged Ohio newspaper men will be the next President of the United States. When he gets his hand on the White House shears, paste-pot, blue pencil, and galley proofs, how is he going to edit the United States of America?

As we go to press there is another amateur American championship hanging in the balance at Roslyn, Long Island, on the golf course of the Engineers' Club of New York City. The qualifying round of this tournament saw several notable players eliminated, among them the British champion Cyril Tolley, who defeated Robert Gardner in the finals of the British tournament this year. Mr. Tolley was looked upon as one of the leading candidates for the American title. It is a disappointment to both American and British golfers to find the British champion eliminated so early in the contest.

Over in Belgium, Americans achieved another notable victory after the conclusion of the field and track events of the Olympic Games. This was the victory of the crew of the United States Naval Academy in the international eight-oared race.

A TRAGEDY AND THE LAW OF THE AIR

THE Tennis Tournament at Forest Hills, described above, was marred by a tragedy that might have resulted in the death of many innocent spectators.

Two aviators, hovering over the courts, lost control of their machine and crashed to earth a short distance away. That they killed only themselves is a matter of fortune rather than foresight. The pilot of the machine was a naval aviator who violated regulations by flying so close to a massed crowd of men, women, and children. Both the military and naval authorities have prohibited just such dangerous attempts as resulted in the death of this officer and his companion.

This tragedy has given added impetus to the discussion of the legal status of the aviator and the new method of transportation of which he is the pioneer. It is indeed true that a clearer definition of the duties and responsibilities of airmen and the rights of the general public to protection from the misuse of airplanes should be drawn.

In an article to be published in next week's issue of The Outlook Mr. Wayne C. Williams discusses the new code that must be created to meet the demands of the present situation. It is none too soon for us to develop, as Mr. Williams says, "a new branch of the law—the law of the air."

OLD PLYMOUTH CELEBRATES THE PILGRIM TERCENTENARY

THE sailing of the Mayflower on September 6, 1620, from Plymouth, England, for the New World, was celebrated in that town by commemorative exercises which began on September 4 and lasted a week. They began with a historical and literary conference participated in by British, Dutch, and American scholars. In the opinion of some of these specialists, much still remains to be discovered as the result of research into the history of the personalities who composed the Mayflower expedition. It will be remembered that it is not many years since the discovery of the missing manuscript of the "History of the Plimouth Plantation," by Governor William Bradford, cast new light on the Colony's history, which up to that time had been somewhat traditionalized in the minds of most Americans by their reading of Longfellow's poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Dr. Rendel Harris, Chairman of the English-Speaking Union, Dr Paloojion, of Leyden, and others presented at the conference some newly discovered material bearing on the activities of the Pilgrims.

The people of Plymouth, it is reported endeavored to make their celebration

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 114)

Page in the Louisville Courier-Journal

THE TEMPTER

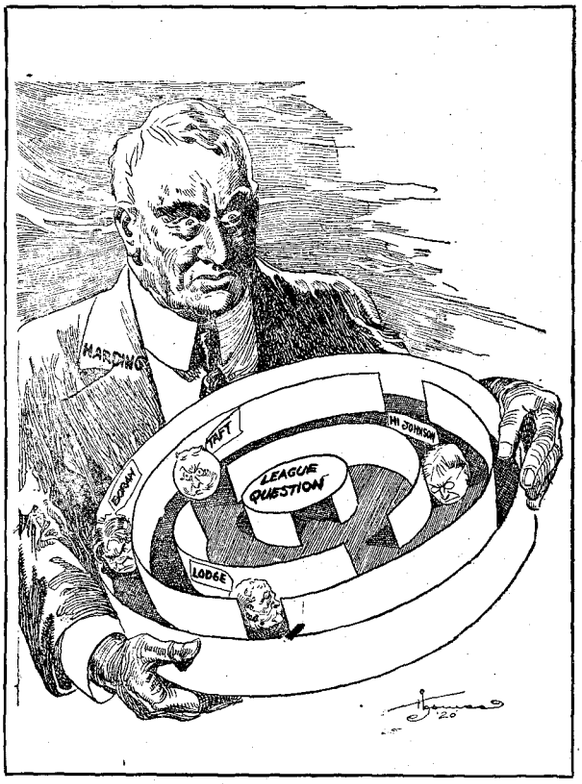
From Mary P. Cassabrown, Congdon, Indiana

Perry in the Portland Oregonian

GEE WHIZ! AND G. O. P. CAUGHT 29 OF THEM HIMSELF

From Mrs. Ethel S. Mack, Monroe, Oregon

Thomas in the Detroit News



THE OLD "PIGS IN CLOVER" PUZZLE

From S. L. Sweet, Detroit, Michigan

Darling in the Utica Daily Press

THAT STUFF MAY GO IN WARD POLITICS BUT NOT HERE

From Frederick J. De La Fleur, Jr., Utica, N. Y.

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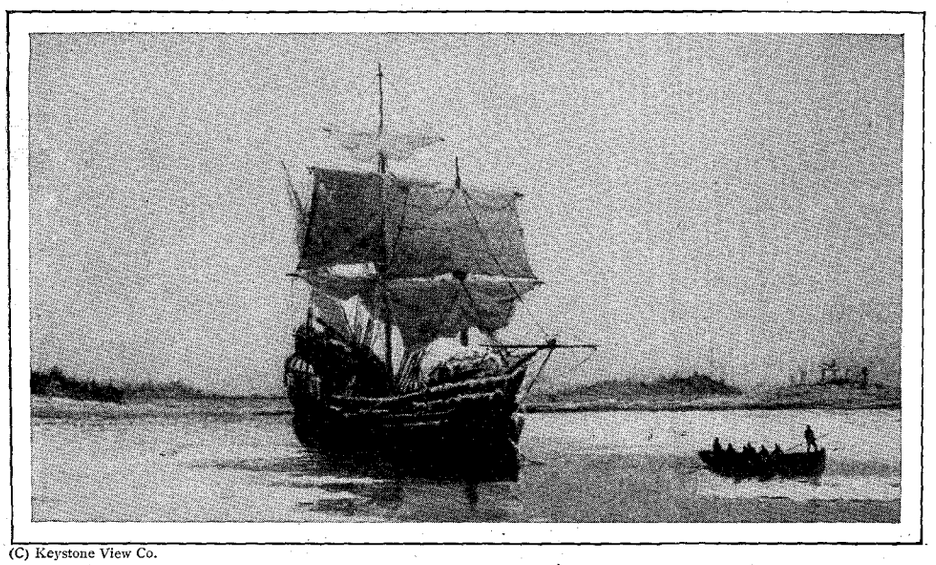

(C) Keystone View Co.

THE MAYFLOWER IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR, 1620. FROM THE PAINTING BY W. F. HALSALL

primarily an American one, and generously displayed the American flag in the decorations with which the town and harbor were embellished, thus indicating the pride which Englishmen may well take in the Nation whose foundations were in part laid by the Plymouth colonists of three centuries ago.

A message from the British Premier, Lloyd George, to the Plymouth celebrants read: "The Pilgrim Fathers achieved far-reaching results which have exceeded all their hopes and expectations, conscious though they were of the greatness of their venture. We welcome these celebrations as an opportunity for fostering the good relations which happily exist between ourselves and the great American people." Lord Reading paid a graceful tribute to American womanhood as represented by Lady Astor, who took a prominent part in the celebration. He said: "It was a remarkable coincidence that the Pilgrims went from Plymouth to land at a new Plymouth, and another coincidence that three centuries later another Mayflower came from Virginia to England, and by the constituency of Plymouth was elected the first lady to enter the British House of Commons."

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND NURSES NEEDED AT ONCE

Out of the chaos and suffering of the World War has grown a demand for better health. The new demand arising from this changed point of view, aiming at the prevention rather than the cure of illness, has done much in thinning the ranks of available women for community nursing. Also the world-wide plea for the American nurse has caused an unprecedented shortage of women to carry forward the high standards of the profession. Depleted by foreign need and the increasing domestic demand for the trained nurse to manage public health work in big industrial concerns, the profession is facing the gravest crisis in its history. It is not so much that there are fewer nurses than formerly, but that there is a greater demand.

To recruit the fast-dwindling ranks a campaign has been launched to enroll one hundred thousand women in the nurses' training schools of the country. In the appeal that has gone forth from the Department of Public Welfare, New York City, Bird S. Coler, director of the campaign, has made an interesting announcement. It is of moment to all women who desire to enter the nursing profession. It concerns the establishment of a school for attendant nurses, the first of its kind to be established in the United States. By reason of this departure in the standards for training of the nurse, women who have hitherto been barred because of educational requirements are now welcomed.

In the literature sent broadcast by the Department this summer, accompanied by five thousand posters, the importance of this new course is explained in full. Its value to the housewife, the urgency of its plea, and a statement of the requirements are set forth.

"It is hoped that this course will give an opportunity to young women who have been unable to have high school work. It should afford an opportunity for helping young women broaden their sphere of usefulness, or who for some reason have been unable to take the longer course for the nurses' training. During the training, which lasts nine months, the attendants are given full maintenance, are supplied with books and uniforms, and in addition are paid $33 a month. This ought to appeal to self-supporting women. On graduation places are found immediately for these trained attendants. They are registered and may, if they wish, go out and do community nursing."

These attendants will release many of the trained nurses, it is thought, and in this way materially aid in solving t present problem of nurse shortage. T attendants are intended to supplem but not to supplant the work of r trained nurses. That will be obvio when it is stated that these attenda will be graduated in one-third the ti that it takes to educate a trained nurs At present four city hospitals in t metropolis have instituted the cours A woman between the ages of eighte and thirty-five with a common scho education is eligible for entrance.

In South American countries, whe the nursing profession is in its infanc the importance of such a short course manifest. Prior to the war the nursi in these republics was relegated "slovenly, haphazard women, more note for loquacity and assurance than fo skill." But with the advent of pea South American doctors have started campaign for more scientific nursing a the establishment of nursing schools. T Superintendent of the Evangelical H pital at Rio de Janeiro has applied to Mis Agnes S. Ward, General Superinten of Nurses in New York City, for a g ou of women to found a school for nursin in his country. It will be modeled on th school for attendants, of which Commis sioner Coler is the founder.

The war services of the Americ nurse have been universally appreciated She is in such demand in Europe at thi moment that only unprecedented volun teering will begin to meet the need. Th slogan that hitherto has applied only t service men is now that of the wom Join the army of nurses and see the wo

Hospitals where the course for atten ant nurses is now in operation inclu Central Neurological Hospital, Blac well's Island; New York Children's Ho pital, Randall's Island; Sea View H pital, Staten Island; and Greenpoi Hospital, Brooklyn.

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN

Is there a clear issue in the Presidentia campaign between progressives an reactionaries?

Eight years ago there was such a issue. The Republican party in that ye was split in two. The campaign wa fought on the issue of progressivism and the progressives proved to be in an overwhelming majority. Likewise, there was a somewhat similar contest within the Democratic party, and the progressive element proved to be strong enough to control the nomination. The result of the campaign of 1912 was therefore a clear demonstration that the American people are predominantly progressive.

As a consequence of that campaign, progressiveness has become one of the

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most valuable of political assets. It has ceased to be heroic for a candidate to announce himself as progressive; on the contrary, it has become a customary method of appealing for votes. There is no more obvious way by which a candidate for office in most of the States or in the country at large can gain political advantage or overcome a political disadvantage than by seeking to impress upon the voters the conviction that he is progressive.

It was said of old, "Woe to you when all men speak well of you." This is not only true when addressed to the individual; it is equally true when it is said of a cause. Popularity ought of itself to be a warning. Now is the time when progressives of all parties should be on their guard.

There are signs of danger to the cause of social progress that are not always obvious to those who are devoted to it. One of the proofs of the quality of leadership of Theodore Roosevelt, now generally everywhere acknowledged, was the danger to social progress in the face of imperial Germany. Men debated over questions of [illegible] and social justice at home, while all such domestic questions were [illegible]ed in the danger that beset [illegible]ns of social and industrial [illegible] abroad. If the Nation were [illegible]in progress, he saw that it first must preserve itself and its own freedom. The cause of progressiveness then was involved in the larger cause of American rights and human liberty.

It took some courage for a public man to be a progressive in 1912. It equally took courage for a public man to subordinate the progressive issues to other issues in 1916. Now in 1920 it is natural that many voters, realizing that the war is practically if not technically at an end, should revert to their former habit of considering the great issue in America to be that of progressivism or reactionism.

There are, however, at least two great questions before the country which are more fundamental than any question of progressive legislation.

One of these fundamental questions is that of the preservation of the right of America to determine its own destiny. Is the proposal that America should enter a League of Nations equivalent to a proposal that America should forego that right? If so, will the yielding of that right deprive Americans of the power to select for themselves their own programme of social legislation, or will that power be handed over to an international body? That is more fundamental than any specific plan of social progress can be.

The other one of these two fundamental questions is that of the efficiency and character of the government. Shall Americans choose the road that leads to personal government or the road that leads to government by party? That is the question that concerns the character of government. Shall the American people intrust their government to those who believe in further experiments, or to those who believe that the time has come to make the government that we have work well? That is the question that concerns the efficiency of government. Unless the government we have is such as to respond to public need and public demand, and unless that government can translate the public demand from a programme into practical measures, practically administered, the programme itself, no matter how progressive and no matter how emphatically demanded, will be of no avail.

It is easy for candidates now to proclaim their progressiveness. It is a great temptation for candidates to divert the public mind from fundamental questions by appeals, in the name of progressiveness, to the interests of classes and groups. The fact is that between the two parties in this Presidential campaign there is no issue as between reactionism and progressivism. The issues are more fundamental.

WHY DO THEY DO IT?

WHY do plagiarists plagiarize? The question is brought to mind just now because of what appears on the face of it to be a flagrant case of literary purloining in a recent minor signed and contributed article in this journal. We refrain at this time from specifying, for the reason that we feel that it is proper to await such explanation as the apparent offender may see fit to make in response to our inquiry; but ultimately, in justice to the magazine from which the short article in question seems to have been "lifted" almost verbatim, to say nothing of our own readers and in the interest of journalistic integrity, a statement of the facts may be necessary.

So far as can be recalled, this is the first instance, certainly for many years, in which a direct literary theft has actually attained the stage of publication in The Outlook. But, as with most other periodicals, there have been narrow escapes. In one instance an article on an important topic signed by a well-known and prolific writer and dealer in articles, now dead, an article "bought and paid for," was on the point of being printed when by chance it was found to be practically identical with an article written by a magazine writer of unquestioned integrity and reputation that had appeared in one of the best-known of American monthlies before the fraudulent article reached this office. The only excuse ever offered was a vague assertion that both writers had copied from the same sources—a totally inadequate explanation of literal plagiarism even if true, which it was not. In another case a dealer in interviews offered an article by a distinguished United States Senator, to be signed by the name of the Senator and with his authority. With what seemed at the time almost superfluous caution, we wrote to the Senator for verification, and learned from him that the "article" was simply a long extract from a speech made by him on the floor of the Senate, published in the "Congressional Record," and therefore free to any one to reprint without any special consent or any dealer's offices. In a third case a guileless lady journalist offered an article by President Taft. This was not exactly plagiarism, but an attempt to induce us to pass off as a new and original article a hodgepodge of extracts from various speeches which the lady had ingeniously compiled and to which good-natured Mr. Taft had kindly affixed his name. Once at least The Outlook suffered, not from plagiarism but from plagiarists; the poem "If I Should Die To-Night," by Belle Tabor Smith, which appeared in our columns in 1873, found its way into the popular anthologies, was claimed by half a dozen non-authors and was reprinted under several claimants' names in scores of newspapers.

So much for reminiscence! Mr. Sedgwick, of the "Atlantic Monthly," has told others more singular. To return to the question "Why do they do it?" Outright, vulgar, stupid cupidity is the commonest motive—stupid because the fraud is almost sure to be discovered. Sometimes the answer is vanity—we know of an instance where a wealthy business man used to carry around in his pocketbook and show to his friends as his a clever humorous poem written by one of the best-known versifiers in America but published anonymously. Rarely the offender is really so ignorant as to believe that "facts are facts," and may be taken, literary dress and all, without acknowledgment. On the other hand, there have been many unjust accusations of plagiarism because writers have used the same plot idea or gone to some common source for legitimate suggestions. Some years ago such a baseless charge was made against Robert Louis Stevenson as regards his "Imp of the Bottle," and we took some pains then to point out the difference between using historic material or ancient legend and stealing both words and thoughts.

The plagiarist's offense is essentially

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mean; it is usually sordid, and its underhandedness always makes it contemptible.

A QUESTION AND A COMMENT

THE PROVINCIAL AND DISTORTED VIEW OF NEW YORK STATE IN 1787

It is the wish and the duty of the State of New York to bear her share of America's burden.

But the State of New York will never consent that other States shall determine for her what that share is.

THE PROVINCIAL AND DISTORTED VIEW OF THE EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK IN 1920

It is the wish and the duty of America to bear her share of civilization's burden.

But America will never consent that other nations shall determine for her what that share is.

The State of New York later corrected its provincial and distorted view.

Has the editor of The Outlook any comment? D. W. L.

OUR correspondent refers to the fact that the State of New York at first refused to ratify the United States Constitution, and later, largely through the influence of John Jay, did ratify. Our comment is that the Paris Covenant of the League of Nations and the United States Constitution are not, as our correspondent seems to think they are, analogous.

An association of nations analogous either to the federation of States in our country or to the union of states which constitutes Great Britain may be desirable and practicable in the future. But any plan for a federation of nations analogous to the federation of States in this country we regard as impracticable, in the present condition of the world, and perilous not only to the material but also to the moral interests of America, and for one and the same reason.

Any such federation of nations would make us share in the responsibility for the determination of questions respecting which we are necessarily ignorant. How many of the readers of The Outlook are prepared to express any well-instructed opinion upon the question of the rights and wrongs of Poland or of the controversy between Italy and Jugoslavia? We have no moral right to assume responsibilities which we are not prepared intelligently to fulfill.

Any such federation of nations would make the Poles and the Russians share in the responsibility for the conduct of our affairs. That they have the intelligence and the experience necessary to enable them to manage their own affairs may well be doubted; that they have the intelligence and the experience necessary to enable them to take any part whatever in advising us as to the conduct of our affairs no one can believe. To assume a responsibility for which we are not prepared and to invite them to take a share in our responsibilities for which they are not prepared is neither wise nor safe.

The difference between a federation of peoples who had fought together in defense of their common liberties and interests, who lived in contiguous States, who spoke the same language and possessed what was essentially the same religion, and the federation of peoples without a common religion, a common language, a common tradition, or a common understanding of the meaning of law or liberty, is, we think, sufficiently plain without further explanation.

THERE ARE VISITORS

THERE are visitors—and visitors. Some of them come to our shores, tarry a while, and go away with no other thought in mind than the memory of short bed-sheets and omnipresent spittoons. Others there are who come to us weighted down by philosophies of life which ignore nothing except the fact that we are all human beings, and depart unable to report as to whether or not we dress in the grasses of the South Sea Islands or the skins of polar bears.

Needless to say, Mr. E. V. Lucas belongs in neither of these classes. He came to America with no ineradicable predispositions. But he has left us with some very definite opinions on the difference between American civilization and that from which it sprang.

Genial, keen-witted, tolerant, and understanding, he has seen America through friendly eyes and against the broad background of a fundamental knowledge of human nature. He has discriminated between surface differences and those which lie deep in the heart of our land. And he has combined his presentation of these superficial and fundamental differences in a picture of American life which all of us can observe with pleasure and many of us with profit.

We count ourselves fortunate to be able to present to our readers Mr. Lucas's "From an American Note-Book," the first installment of which appears in this issue. The second will be published next week.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

BLUFF-BOWED and black of hull, a whaling bark lay in her slip at New Bedford. One of the last of an ancient race, she bore the marks of seventy-odd years of service to the sea gallantly and unashamed. Her tarry ratlines which generations of sailormen have climbed in search of fabulous [illegible] sters of the deep, her stocky masts which had borne the menace of half a thousand gales, her yard-arms which had lifted against the sky lines of all the seven seas, her battered bulwarks, and her darkened decks were eloquent with a story which even the veriest landsman needed no interpreter to understand.

The dock at which she lay was almost deserted. Her crew, save for a white-haired Negro puffing at a pipe in the galley, had disappeared on shore. Her cargo of oil had been discharged; the riggers had not yet begun the task of refitting her for another voyage.

Down the pier came a little stoop-shouldered man, the right cuff of his serge suit polished with the friction which comes from desk work and the adding of many weary columns. There was an eagerness in his eye which told the onlooker that his mission was not clerical.

He crossed the narrow gangway and went aboard with the air of a proprietor. "Do you mind if I look around a bit?" he asked, and the Negro's assent was all the welcome he needed. Up and down the deck he walked, taking in every detail of the vessel, the cutting spades and case-boiling tryworks near the forem[illegible] huge anchor chains on the windlass, went forward to the cathead and aft again to the galley where the Negro still sat puffing his pipe. On a whaler the galley is located on the starboard side of the poop and the cabin companionway on the port. Between the two the visitor caught sight of the old-fashioned wheel mounted on the tiller itself with the tiller ropes stretched openly across the deck. The helmsman who controls such a wheel must walk back and forth as the tiller, upon which the wheel is mounted, swings.

When the visitor caught sight of the steering gear, he broke silence for the first time. "My father," he said, addressing no one in particular, "once had the tiller ropes break in a gale of wind. The tiller went wild and smashed the [illegible] the galley."

"Yes, sir, it would that," the Negro answered. "Was your father a sailor?"

"My father was," said the visitor, "And his father before him. My brother went to sea as a boy, but somehow my mother never let me have anything to do with the water. I wasn't even allowed to sail a small boat. My father died at sea, you know," he added, as though he had explained everything very fully.

His hands reached for the spokes of the wheel, and he stood facing forward and glancing up at the rigging as though master of a ship under full canvas about to meet a sudden squall. The lure of [illegible]

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countries was in his eyes. The drudgery of counting-room and desk dropped from him like a mask. For all his threadbare coat and bowed shoulders he was the son of a viking race.

What was this thing that had seized hold of him? Was it only the call of the sea in his veins? Was it hatred of the work to which he had devoted his life? Was it the dream of the gold that poured into New Bedford from her whaling fleet of other years? Was it the romance of things unattainable and unknown?

Strange are the things which beckon the human spirit. Here was this man of the counting-room, his face alight at the

of dust, there came to one onlooker a new satisfaction with life. In that moment was revealed the secret and powerful force which has driven pioneers around the world, which has shattered mountains and conquered the air, which has toppled empires and bound continents with bands of steel—the force which has graven "*Invictus*" upon legions of nameless graves and left to the living the eternal romance of adventure and of high resolve.

We shall not fear for America while the smell of tarred rope and the sight of dizzy masts still bring the light into the eyes of the sons of old New Bedford.

thought of a career which even to the hardiest of those iron-bodied men who responded to the call of the sea meant suffering, loneliness, danger, and sometimes insanity and death. It meant the possibility of being set adrift on the trackless deep without water and at the mercy of the unmastered wind. It meant months and years of back-breaking labor in the stench of rotting blubber and the smoke of fat-fed fires. A strange dream of joy for a street-bred clerk! Yet somehow, while this slim figure swayed at the wheel, meeting the blows of a phantom gale and watching dockward for menacing seas that were only vagrant swirls

A VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE EXPLAINS AND WE PARTLY APOLOGIZE

ave received the following interesting letter from Franklin Roosevelt, recently the able Assistant Secretary of the w the Democratic candidate Presidency.

OOSEVELT'S LETTER

atly surprised to note your The Outlook for September A Vice-Presidential Disap- and I will frankly confess good deal disappointed, par- er the pleasant things you ave said about my work in the Navy, to discover that you are willing to take a press despatch from Butte, Montana, as absolute and complete evidence that I had said something so completely at variance with what a man such as you have been kind enough to describe me could possibly have spoken. I am sorry that you hurriedly reached the conclusion that your estimate of myself was untrue without considering the possibility that the despatch might have been untrue instead. As a matter of fact, please let me assure you that I was wholly erroneously reported and that a complete and full denial of this erroneous report was made by me on the Pacific Coast as soon as the misquotation appeared in print.

I should have hoped that it would be obvious to you that, after experience in gton during a period of nearly rs, I could not say anything so able as the statement put into my mouth by some ingenious but inaccurate reporter. I would be loth to think that I was deliberately misquoted, and I am assuming that it was merely one of those fatal cases of condensation where a newspaper man, in trying to reduce a speech to the smallest number of words, entirely misses the spirit as well as the language of the speech.

However, I most certainly did say, and I think in this I have reason to believe that you thoroughly agree with me, that the interests of the United States and those of at least a dozen West Indian, Central, and South American Republics are, in international affairs, and particularly in regard to European affairs, very similar. This has been abundantly proved in the past. In fact, the great majority of South American countries absolutely agreed with us in their attitude towards the recent war. No one who has followed, as I have, with such sympathetic interest the progress of the Pan-American Union, can fail to be convinced of the growing understanding between ourselves and our southern neighbors and the consequently increasing feeling that, instead of being rivals, our interests are, so far as world politics is concerned, practically identical. So impressed have I been with this increasing feeling of a community of interest between ourselves and the Southern Republics, that I felt it justifiable to express it as my belief, in that speech, that on any grave international question coming before the Assembly of the League of Nations affecting the destiny of any Republic on the North or South American Continent we would all vote practically as a unit because of this harmony of interest, which, I am frank to add, in my judgment, is really greater than the sometimes conflicting interests of Great Britain and her colonies. We need have no fear of the bugaboo of "six votes to one" which has been so loudly proclaimed by those who do not believe in the League.

This, you will see, was a very different sort of speech from that which I was quoted as making, and you will also see the possibility of its being misquoted in an attempt to hurriedly condense it into something like the garbled form in which it appeared. However, I know you would never have willingly published a criticism based on an untruth, and I feel sure that you will do me the justice of giving my denial of the press report some mention in your magazine.

As to your criticism that I have "joined Governor Cox in loose charges that the Republicans intended to buy the election by the use of huge campaign funds," please let me add that I have at no time made any charges, loose or otherwise, beyond stating, and I think you will agree with me that this has been proved, that the Republican National Committee, or responsible persons acting under them, have districted the country and assigned quotas which if carried out on the same basis of population as in the specific example cited by me would total a vast fund, somewhere between fifteen and thirty millions of dollars. At no time have I charged that this money had actually been raised, but merely that an attempt apparently was being made to raise it. In view of the testimony now before the Senate Committee, I will leave it to your own sense of fairness and justice as to whether or not I was justified in a statement of that kind.

Very sincerely yours,
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.
Hyde Park, Dutchess County, New York,
September 4, 1920.

We sincerely apologize to Mr. Roosevelt for having accepted what purported to be a verbatim account of his speech in the daily newspaper despatches. Ordinarily we endeavor to corroborate such statements in the daily press by going to the original sources. In this case the newspaper reports were so categorical that we were misled into making a comment without our usual verification. This applies to our criticism of Mr. Roosevelt's alleged attitude on the League of Nations. We agree with him that the interests of the United States and Latin America are identical as regards European affairs.

We still think, however, that Mr. Roosevelt is open to criticism for his apparent willingness to accept Governor Cox's wholesale charges of Republican corruption. Governor Cox—unless he too has been misreported in the daily press—said recently in a public speech that the Republicans were going to use some of

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heir corruption fund to buy bayonets vith which to suppress the rights of the vorkingman. Now that Mr. Roosevelt has brought the matter up, we should like to ask him whether he approves of such appeals to class passion and prejudice? We are sure he does not, and we regret that he aided in giving them currency.—THE EDITORS.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

A CORRESPONDENT gave in last week's Outlook an interesting account of a recent meeting of the Anglican bishops in England, in which they restated their desire for organic church unity and suggested as the four foundations for the reunited Christian Church acceptance of the Bible, the Nicene Creed, the Sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Communion, and an episcopal organization of the ministry. Our correspondent added: "They are not stressing any doctrine of apostolic succession, neither are they casting any doubt on the validity of non-episcopal ordination."

A Protestant of the Protestants, I gratefully recognize the catholic spirit of this proposal. But I doubt the wisdom of attempting an organic union of the Christian Church, and I am quite sure that if church unity is ever to be accomplished it must be by another method. We sing "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ, Our Lord;" we cannot substitute for this one foundation four foundations. Historically the creeds are not the foundation of the Church, they are the expressions of its belief—the oldest of them was organized two or three centuries after the birth of the Church; the Bible is not the foundation of the Church, it is the early history of the Church; the sacraments are useful symbols, but they are not the foundation of the Church any more than the American flag is the foundation of the American Republic; and the organization of the Church is not its foundation, though some form of organization is essential for its most efficient activity.

The foundation of the Christian Church is faith in a Person. It is faith that Jesus of Nazareth is altogether adorable; it is the supreme desire to be such a person as he was, to live such a life as he lived, to possess the spirit which he possessed, to be governed by the motives which governed him, to take up the work which he initiated and carry it on, and to find strength and wisdom to live his life and do his work where he found his strength and wisdom.

In brief, the foundation of the Christian Church is spiritual, not ceremonial nor intellectual.

What made the Allied forces one army? *Loyalty to a spirit of justice and liberty.* Progressives and Conservatives, Socialists and Individualists, Republicans and Monarchists, fought under one leader and were inspired by one purpose. If, as a condition of co-operation in the war in one army and under one leader, they had attempted by debate to settle the question, which was preferable as a form of government, the Constitution of the British Empire or of the United States, as a political creed the platform of the Republican, the Democratic, or the Labor party, as a symbol the American, the British, or the French flag, and as an expression of their patriotism "The Star-Spangled Banner," "God Save the King," or the "Marseillaise," they would have been discussing these questions instead of fighting together under the common leader and against a common enemy. The difference between the army and the Church is not that one needs agreement in opinions, forms of expression, or methods of organization and the other does not, but that the army believes in an ideal which is undefined, while the Christian Church believes in an ideal of life which has been realized in its Master, and in him as its Master because he realizes that ideal.

Jesus Christ has expressed the secret of church unity in a parable that is not often cited in discussions concerning the Church.

The Hebrew psalmist had in the exile sung of a vine which Jehovah had planted. "Thou broughtest a vine out of Egypt," he sang; "thou didst drive out the nations, and didst plant it." Isaiah had sung a similar song. "Let me sing," he sang, "for my well-beloved a song of my beloved touching his vineyard."

In the days preceding the Last Supper, Jesus recalled to the multitudes in the Temple this ancient figure and compelled from the people their condemnation of the rulers of Israel. "The Lord of the vineyard," they had said, "will destroy those wicked men, and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen who will render the fruits in their season." And Jesus had commended their verdict. "The kingdom of God," he said, "shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." Later, speaking to his disciples at the supper table to revive their hopes and inspire their courage, he recalled to their minds this familiar parable of the vineyard and gave to it a prophetic interpretation:

> I am the true vine; my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it that it may bring forth more fruit. Already ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. Apart from me ye can do nothing.

This is the fullest description which Jesus has left to the world of his ideal for that brotherhood to which he has committed the completion of his commission. It is founded not on agreement in opinion—that is, on a creed; not on agreement in forms of worship—that is, on a ritual; not on agreement in the form of organization—that is, neither on an hereditary priesthood nor on a democratic congregation; not even on love for a sacred but long since buried Messiah; but on love and loyalty to a living Messiah, dwelling in the hearts and lives of his disciples in a more intimate companionship and with a far wider and mightier influence than when he trod the earth with the few score of faithful friends whom he gathered about him.

This prophetic parable of the Christian brotherhood is at once interpreted and confirmed by the history of the Christian Church. Whenever that Church has had faith in its Master and shown its faith by the will to do his will, it has been a spring of life in the community. Whenever it has lost that faith; whenever it has substituted an admiration of beauty for a reverence of goodness, emotional enjoyment for self-denying service, regulation of conduct for inspiration of the spirit, belief in a creed for faith in a Person, whatever its wealth, its political power, its prestige, whatever the beauty of its services, the regularity of its order, or the soundness of its theology, it has ceased to be a living Church; the jeweled robes of its rich ecclesiastics have become its grave-clothes and its cathedrals have become its tombs.

Much of my theology I have inherited from my father. In my boyhood he wrote in the "Corner Stone" the following sentences:

> Nine-tenths of nominal Christians, all over the world, are firmly believing and sincerely wishing that their own denomination may extend and swallow up the rest, and become universal. . . . There can be no moral effect more certain, than that in such a case, four or five generations would place worldly, selfish, ambitious men at the head of the religious interests of the world! We have had one terrible experiment of the effects of one great denomination to illustrate this reasoning. God grant that the dark day may never come again.

I quote this passage because it ex-

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presses my own conviction. To unite all the Christian churches in one organic and visible Church with one creed, one ritual, and one form of organization would be deplorable. We need different opinions and freedom of discussion that we may grow in knowledge of the truth; we need different symbols and different forms of worship to meet the needs of different temperaments. General Booth refused to require his converts to accept the two sacraments because that requirement would have hindered, not aided, them in entering upon the Christian life. We need different forms of organization for different phases of work. The army organization was desirable for a militant Christianity but undesirable for an educational Christianity, and we need both in the Christian Church. What the Christian Church needs is unity in spirit, not in form; co-operation, not unity; differences of expression and of organization in bodies united by one and the same purpose, animated by one and the same spirit, and loyal to one and the same Master.

HAWAII'S SERIOUS PROBLEMS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

POLITICAL foresight had something to do with the inclusion of a plank in the Republican platform recommending for Hawaii Americanization and education of the foreign population, home rule, and rehabilitation of the native race; for the Territorial Legislature has passed a resolution asking Statehood, and before many years Hawaii is likely to have votes in Congress and in the Electoral College.

But even more the plank was probably inspired by a realization of the seriousness of the problems confronting the islands, toward the solution of which they last winter asked our help through the first legislative commission ever authorized to appear before Congress on behalf of the Territory since its annexation twenty-two years ago. The commission met a friendly reception, and its direct and intimate explanation of many of the elements complicating political and industrial affairs made a deep impression.

Though intricate and confusing, Hawaii's problems can be summed up in a few head problems—none of which, however, can be completely solved apart from the others.

RACE CONFLICT IN HAWAII

Probably the most serious is the race problem, since that may easily involve us with Japan in a dangerous renewal of the old immigration dispute, likewise threatening to break out again in California. In a population of under 265,000, at least 110,000 are Japanese, of whom all born in the islands since 1898—an unknown number, owing to the frequent failure of the Japanese to report births—are American citizens, although also, under the Japanese law, citizens of Japan. Some 70,000 of the Japanese are of the coolie class. Many of the laborers are accompanied by their families. There are also 22,000 Filipinos, 23,000 Chinese, and many members of various other nationalities; but the race problem centers in the nearly forty-two per cent of Japanese.

Aside from the international difficulties it presents, exclusion or expulsion of the Asiatics seems almost impossible, because the Asiatics afford the only available source of labor for the sugar and pineapple industries and for other agriculture, not to mention also the trades. The alternative to exclusion is to win the aliens to loyalty by means of education and (logically) the recognition of them upon a more equal footing, including the payment of wages proportioned to American standards of living. The immense strategic importance to us of Hawaii as our key outpost in the Pacific makes self-evident the necessity of transforming its foreign elements into a loyal populace.

THE LABOR DISPUTE

Entangled with the race problem is the labor problem, involving locally the world-wide dispute about wages and employment conditions. This at present lies mainly between the Planters' Association (since plantation agriculture is the chief industry) and the two labor unions—the Japanese and the Filipino. Owing to a bonus (or profit-sharing) plan under which the hand receives in addition to his stated wage a percentage depending upon monthly and yearly prices, the sugar laborer just now has a fairly good income; but this will rapidly decline when sugar prices fall, and even under present conditions there have recently been serious strikes, evictions, and sabotage. Only the most just and intelligent dealing can avoid the danger inherent in such outbreaks by an organized ignorant and alien coolie class subject to the incitement of agitators, whether these be the agents of the militarist party in Japan, or communists and their sympathizers, or merely well-meaning but radical labor leaders.

LAND MONOPOLY AND SMALL FARMING

Less pressing, but ultimately as important, is the problem of breaking up land monopoly, establishing small proprietorship and diversified agriculture, bringing about a more equitable distribution of wealth and increasing the rural population. The islands, it is estimated, can easily support twice their present population. Owing to a natural and probably legitimate course of agricultural development, an excessive amount of the tillable land is controlled by interrelated or closely allied corporations, companies, and individuals. Something like five-sixths of the real property is thus held by a comparatively small number of owners whose interests are interdependent, and practically the same group own about nine-tenths of the personal property.

The obstacles to more equitable distribution of land are industrial and financial rather than legal. Breaking up the large plantations would threaten injury, possibly destruction, to the sugar and fruit industries by lessening efficient management and increasing production costs. It would raise taxes, and would make necessary a problematical and almost revolutionary reorganization in credits, development undertakings, labor system, mill and cannery business, and delivery of field products in dependable quantity. Physically the islands are capable of producing a surplus of food products by means of diversified agriculture; but after twenty-five years of encouragement, diversified farming has made little advance, and there is reasonable doubt whether small proprietorship might not for an indefinite time reduce production and fail in creating any more widely distributed prosperity. Much of the demand for small holdings seems to come from the speculative desire for the one hundred per cent or higher profit often to be turned by a prompt transfer of the "homestead" to larger holders. Economic advance through small proprietorship and diversified agriculture might (owing to the social status of the populace) have to await the slow results of the entire educating and Americanizing policy.

HOME RULE AND REHABILITATION

The rehabilitation of the Hawaiian race is more a matter of historical justice than of large economic importance, since of the rapidly decreasing natives there remain only 39,000, two-thirds of whom are mixed in blood, some to the thirty-second degree. Nevertheless the rehabilitation measures should be one item in the general progressive programme. "Home rule" Hawaii already has, in the sense that the Territory has largely ordered its own affairs; but in the sense of popular government it is to a considerable extent still to be attained, because the influence of the old-established social, agricultural, and financial elements has naturally, and perhaps necessarily, been dominant up to this time. The gradual transference of an augmented actual power in Territorial affairs to the heterogeneous and largely alien populace must largely come as a result of their preparation to share social and political responsibility through the carrying out of a wise and adequate programme of education and Americanization.

ROBERT W. NEAL.

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

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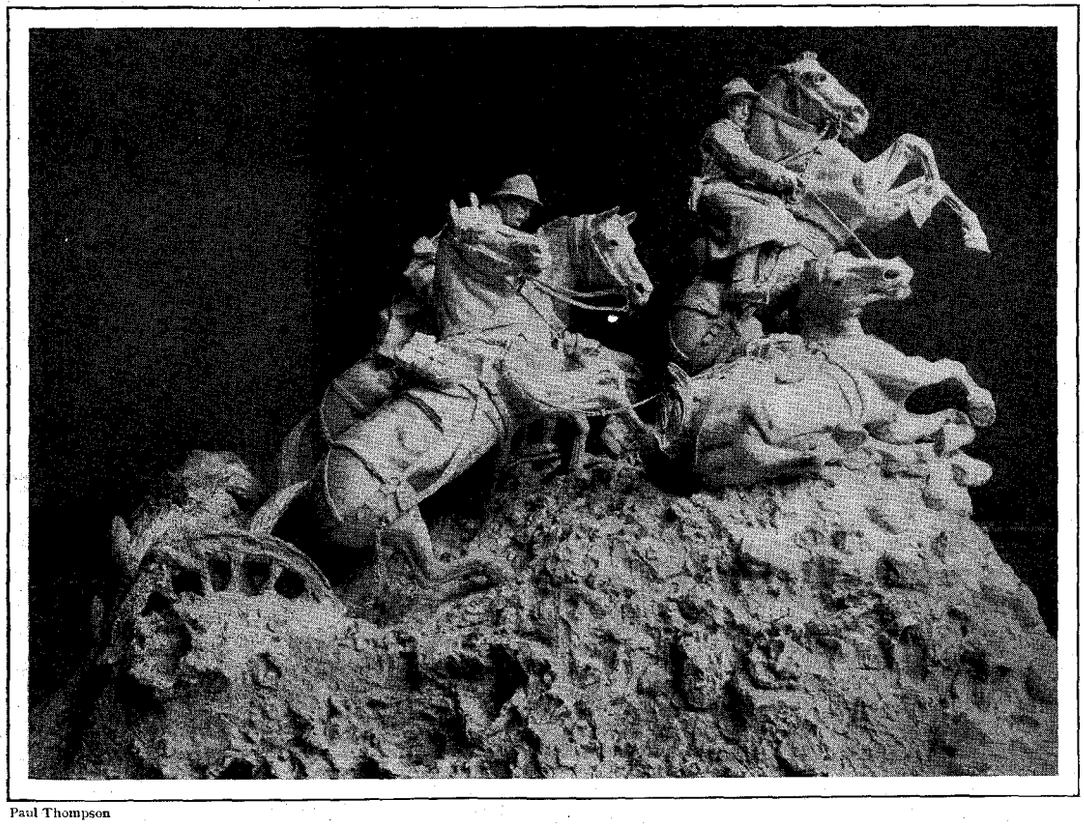
CARDINAL MERCIER AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

The popular Cardinal is being saluted by Colonel Osterrieth, of Belgium, who is to escort him to the Royal box



Paul Thompson

"BRINGING UP THE GUNS"

This spirited representation of the French artillery in action is the work of M. Jean Joire and is one of the popular exhibits at the Paris Salon this year

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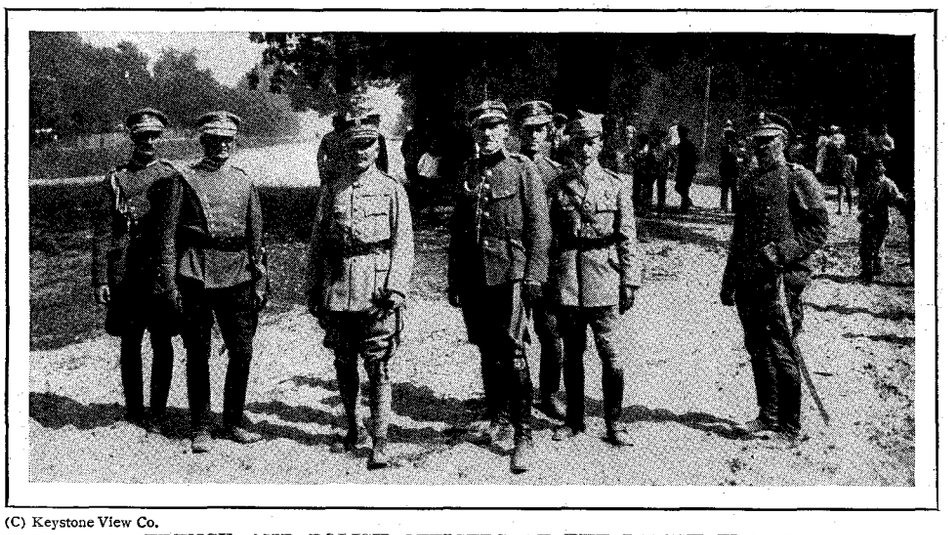
RUSSIAN REDS CAPTURED BY POLES IN THEIR DEFENSIVE CAMPAIGN TO SAVE WARSAW



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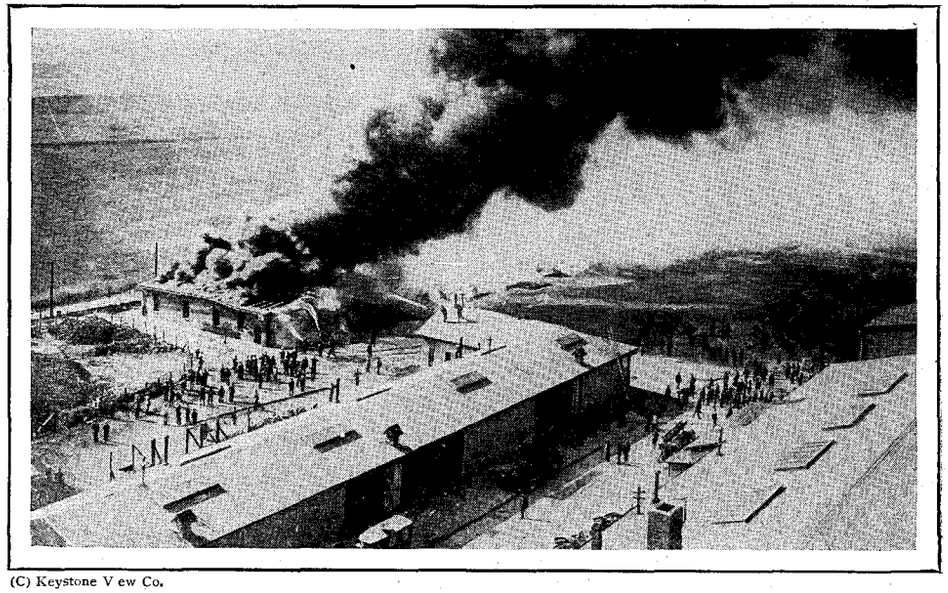
FRENCH AND POLISH OFFICERS AT THE POLISH FRONT

General Weygand, to whose influence much of the recent success of the Poles is ascribed, is seen in the left center of the group



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FIRE AND SWORD IN POLAND—DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY THE BOLSHEVIK HORDES

The town of Rovno, Poland, a part of which is shown here, was captured during a Bolshevist raid and then burned. The photograph was made by a Polish aviator during a reconnoissance

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PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 114)

From Lars Lind, Jerusalem, Palestine

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL RECEIVING THE BEDOUIN SHEIK OF BEERSHEBA IN JERUSALEM

Sir Herbert is the British High Commissioner of Palestine. The photograph was made shortly before the Commissioner read his proclamation to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, July 7, 1920

From Ralph C. Busbey, Akron, Ohio

FISHING BY DIRIGIBLE OFF CATALINA ISLAND

Here is a small airship, 95 feet long and carrying only two passengers, which has sailed over the fishing ground, dropped anchor, and given its passengers an opportunity to win the spoils which are seen hanging over the side. This dirigible is also used for "spotting" whales in the Pacific, being able to hover close over the water and to fly at low speed

From George Kouchakji, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EGYPTIAN WOMEN CARRYING WATER FROM THE NILE

The photograph was taken near Luxor, on the Nile, and shows in silhouette the primitive water-jars which are an age-old institution of Egypt

From Ralph C. Busbey, Akron, Ohio

WOMAN CHAMPION OF THE HORSESHOE PITCHERS

Real horseshoes, not "fancy" rings, were used in the recent pitching tournament at Akron, Ohio. The game, which is sometimes called "barnyard golf," attracted experts from both coasts and a dozen States. The men's championship was won by Frank Jackson, of Kellerton, Iowa. Miss Marjorie Voorhees, of Asbury Park, N. J., whose picture appears above, led the women pitchers

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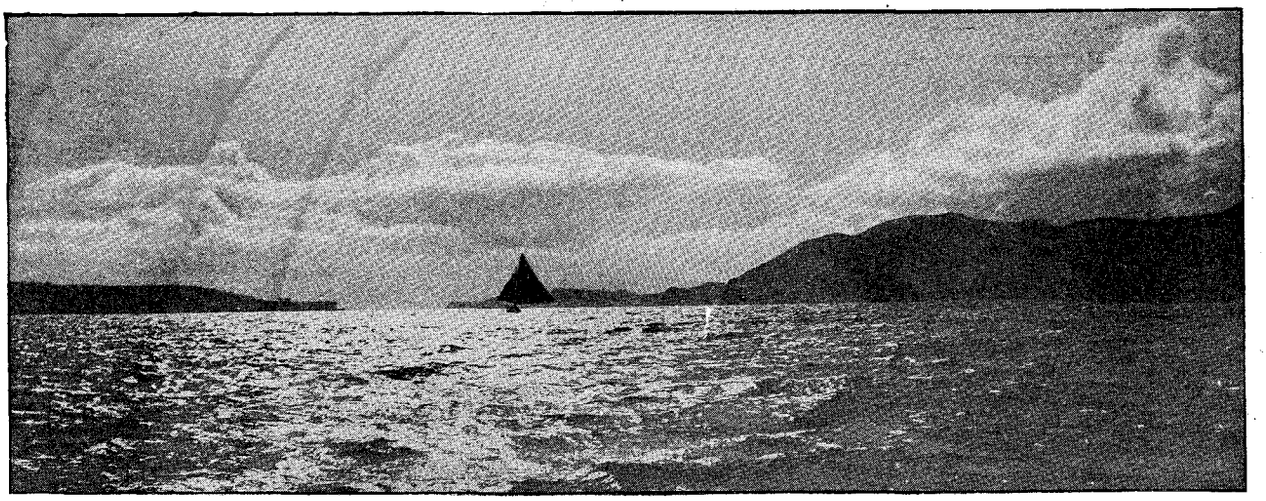

MR. LUCAS ENTERED AMERICA THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

FROM AN AMERICAN NOTE-BOOK

BY E. V. LUCAS

MY first experience of democracy-in-being followed swiftly upon boarding the steamboat for San Francisco, when "Show this man Number 31" was the American steward's command to a cabin boy. I have no objection to being called a man—far from it; but after years of being called a gentleman it was startling. That was at Yokohama; and when in the Custom House at San Francisco a porter wheeling a truck broke through a queue of us waiting to obtain our quittances, with the careless warning, "Out of the way, fellers!" I knew that here was democracy indeed.

I confess to liking it, although I was to be brought up with another jolt when a notice-board on a grass-plot suddenly confronted me bearing the words:

KEEP OFF
THIS MEANS YOU

But I like it. I like the tradition which, once your name is written in the hotel reception book, makes you instantly "Mr. Lucas" to every one in the place. There is a friendliness about it; the hotel is more of a home, or at any rate less of a barrack, because of it. And yet this universal camaraderie has some odd glimpses into formality. The members of clubs in America are far more ceremonious with each other than we are in England. In English clubs the prefix "Mr." is a solecism, but in American clubs I have watched quite old friends and associates whose greetings have been marked almost by pomposity and certainly by ritual. Yet Americans, I should say, are heartier than we; more happy to be with each other; less critical and exacting. They certainly spend less time in discussing each other's foibles. That may be because the dollar is so much more an absorbing theme, but more likely is because America is a democracy; and the theory of democracy, as I understand it, is to assume that every man is a good fellow until the reverse is proved. I should not like to say that the theory of those of us who live under a monarchy is the opposite; but there is no doubt that Americans are more ready than we to be sociable and tolerant.

Try as I might, I could never be quick enough to get in first with that delightful American greeting, "Pleased to meet you," or "Glad to know you, Mr. Lucas." I pondered long on the best retort, and at last formulated this, but never dared to use it for fear that its genuineness might be suspected: "I shall be sorry when we have to part."

. . .

It was in San Francisco that I learned—and very quickly—that it is as necessary to visit America in order to know what Americans are like as it is to leave one's own country in order to know more about that. Americans when abroad are less hearty, less revealing. They are either suffering from a constraint or an over-assertiveness; and both moods may be due to not being at home. In neither case are they so natural as at home. I suppose that on soil not our own we are all bound to be a little over-anxious to proclaim our nationality, to maintain the distinction. In our hats can be perhaps too firmly planted the invisible flag of our country.

Be this as it may, I very quickly discerned a difference between Americans in America and in England. I found them simple where I had thought of them as the reverse; and now, after meeting others in various parts of the country, even in complex and composite New York, I should say that simplicity is the keynote of the American character. It is in his simplicity that the American differs most from the European.

. . .

San Francisco I shall chiefly recollect (apart from personal reasons) for the sparkling freshness and vigor of the air; for the extent and variety of Golden Gate Park; for the vast reading-room in the library at Berkeley, a university which is so enchantingly situated, beneath such a sun, and in sight of such a bay, that I marvel that any work can be done there at all; and for the miles and miles of perfect tarmac roads fringed with burning eschscholtzias and gentle purple irises. This was in April. The rest of America has no comparable roads. In fact, even around Washington their condition is such that to ride in a motor car is to derive all the alleged benefits of horseback, while in the Adirondacks, anywhere off the noble Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Highway, with its "T. R." blazonings along the route, one's liver is bent and broken. While I was in America the movement to purchase Roosevelt's house as a National possession was in full swing, but this Memorial Highway strikes the imagination with more force. That was an inspiration, and I hope that the road will never be allowed to fall into disrepair.

. . .

In San Francisco, too, I made acquaintance with an official new to me, but of great power in America—the buttoned boy who rejoices in the proud title of Bell Captain. He gave me a private insight into his precocity (but that is not the word, for all boys in America are men too), and into his influence, by offering to supply me with forbidden fruit in the shape of a certain Scotch distilled liquor at the modest figure of twenty-five dollars a bottle. He did not, however, say dollars, like most of his compatriots (and it is a favorite word with them); he said something between "dollars" and "dallars."

. . .

Coming by chance upon the Robert Louis Stevenson memorial at San Francisco, on the edge of Chinatown, I copied its inscription, and in case any reader of these notes may have forgotten its trend I copy it again here, for I don't suppose that its application was supposed to cease with the Californian city. It is counsel addressed to the individual, but since nations are but individuals in quantity such ideals cannot be repeated amiss: "To be honest; to be kind; to earn a

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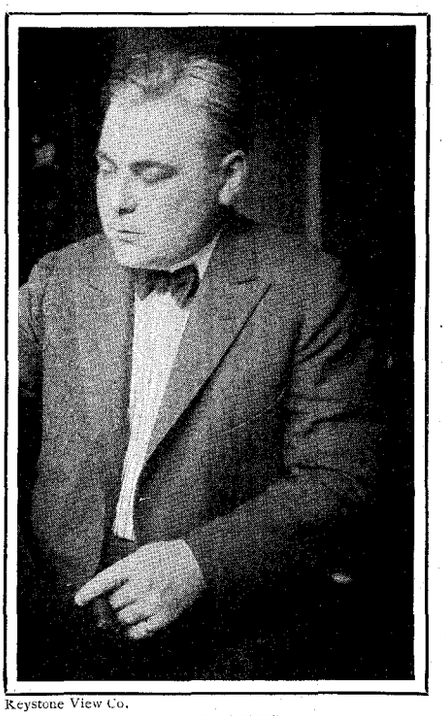
IRVIN S. COBB



Keystone View Co.

DON MARQUIS

OLIVER HERFORD

"Three American humorists whom I had the good fortune to meet and be with for some time were Irvin Cobb, Don Marquis, and Oliver Herford, each authentic and each so different"

little; to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." It is a far cry from San Francisco to Saranac, yet Stevenson is their connecting chain, with Harry Widener's amazing collection of Stevensoniana, in his memorial library at Harvard, as a link. The Saranac cottage, which on the day of my visit was surrounded by the sweetest lilac blooms that ever perfumed the air, is still a place of pilgrimage, and one by one new articles of interest are being added to the collection. It was pleasant indeed to find an English author thus honored, and I wish that we had a similar monument to Nathaniel Hawthorne in Liverpool, as we should have.

. . .

It was, oddly enough, in the Adirondacks that I came upon my only experience of simplified spelling in the land of its birth. It was in that pleasant home from home, the Lake Placid Club, where one is adjured to close the door "tyt" as one leaves a room, where one drinks "cofi," and where that most august and mysterious of the functionaries of life, the physician, is able to watch his divinity dwindle and his dignity disappear under the style "fizisn."

. . .

I heard many stories in America, where every one is a raconteur, but none was better than this which my San Francisco host narrated, from his own experience, as the most perfect example of an honest answer ever given. When a boy, he said, he was much in the company of an old trapper in the Californian mountains. During one of their expeditions the boy noticed that a camp-meeting was to be held, and out of curiosity he persuaded Reuben to attend it with him. Perched on a back seat, they were watching the scene when an elderly Evangelical sister placed herself beside the old hunter, laid her hand on his arm, and asked him if he loved Jesus. He pondered for some moments, and then replied thus: 'Waal, ma'am, I can't go so far as to say that I love him. I can't go so far as that. But, by gosh, I'll say this—I ain't got nuthin' agin' him."

. . .

In a manner of speaking, all Americans are humorists. Just as all French people are wits by reason of the epigrammatic structure of their language, so are all Americans humorists by reason of the national stores of picturesque slang and analogy to which they have access. I think that this tendency to resort to a common stock instead of striving after individual exactitude and color is to be deplored. It discourages thought where thought should be encouraged. Adults are of course beyond redemption, but parents might at least do something about it with their children. One of the cleverest American writers whom I met made no effort whatever to get beyond these accepted phrases as he narrated one racy incident after another. With the pen in his hand (or, more probably, the typewriter under his fingers) his sense of epithet is precise; but in his conversational stories men were as mad "as Sam Hill," injuries hurt "like Hell," and a knapsack was as heavy "as the Devil." We all laughed; but he should have had more of the artist's pride.

The funniest prepared thing I heard in America was the answer of the lachrymose petitioner in the play "Lightnin'" to the judge trying her divorce case. "When," he asked, "did you first become conscious that your husband was cooling towards you?" "About a year," she replied, "before we were married." That was so sudden that the audience gasped before it settled down to laugh. "Lightnin'," by the way, would do well, I think, in England; but Mr. Bacon must modify his make-up to look less like Mr. Asquith.

The funniest spontaneous thing I heard said was the remark of a farmer in the Adirondacks in reply to my question had they recovered, up there, from the war. Yes, he said, they had; adding brightly: "Quite a war, wasn't it?"

. . .

Three American humorists whom had the good fortune to meet and b with for some time were Irvin Cobb Don Marquis, and Oliver Herford, eac authentic and each so different. Beneat Mr. Cobb's fun is a mass of ripe exper ence and sagacity. However playful h may be on the surface, one is aware of a almost Johnsonian universality beneath It would not be extravagant to call h humor the bloom on the fruit of the tre of knowledge. (I am talking now onl of the three as I found them in conve sation.) Don Marquis, while equall serious (and all the best humorists ar serious at heart), has a more grotesqu fancy and is more of a reformer, or a any rate a rebel. His dissatisfactio with hypocrisy provokes a scorn th Mr. Cobb is too elemental to entertai Some day, perhaps, Don Marquis wi induce an editor to print the exercises i unorthodoxy which he has been writin and which, in extract, he repeated to u with such unction; but I doubt it. The are too searching. But that so busy man should turn aside from his work dabble in religious satire seemed to me very interesting thing; for nothing is

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unprofitable—except to the honest soul of him who conceives it. As for Oliver Herford, he is an elf, a sprite, a creature of fantasy, who may be—and, I rejoice to say, is—*in* this world, but certainly is not *of* it. This Oliver is in the line of Puck and Mercutio and Lamb and Hood and other lovers and makers of nonsense, and it is we who ask for more.

. . .

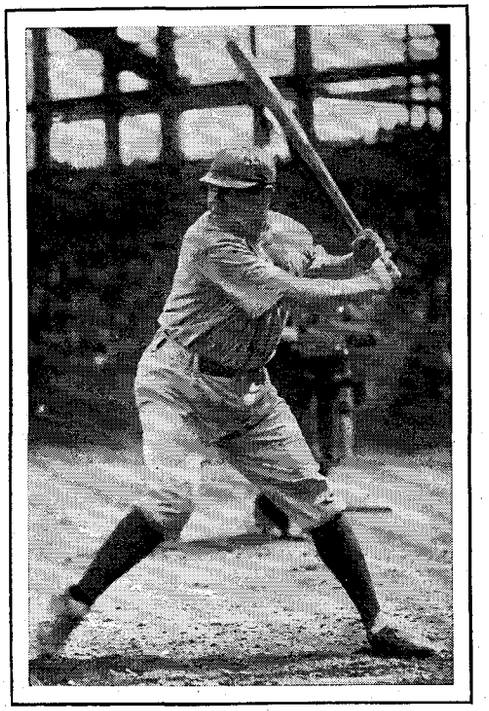
In Chicago the weather was wet and cold, and it was not until after I had left that I learned of the presence there of certain literary collections which I may now perhaps never see. But I spent much time in the Museum, where there is one of the finest Hobbemas in the world; and where two such different creative artists as Claude Monet and Josiah Wedgwood are especially honored. But the special discovery for me was the sincere and masterly work in landscape of George Inness, my first impression of whom was to be fortified when I passed on to Boston, and still reinforced in the Hearn collection in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

It was in Chicago, in the Marshall Field Book Department—which is to ordinary English book-shops like a liner to a houseboat—that I first realized how intense is the interest which America takes in foreign contemporary literature. In England the translation has a certain vogue—Mrs. Garnett's supple and faithful renderings of Turgenev, Tolstoi, Dostoievski, and Tchekov have, for example, a great following—but we do not adventure much beyond the Russians; whereas I learn that English versions of hundreds of other foreign books are eagerly bought over here. Such curiosity seems to me to be very sensible. I was surprised also to find tables packed high with the modern drama. In England the printed play is not to the general taste.

. . .

The spirited equestrian statue of Grant in a waste space by Michigan Avenue, which I could see from my bedroom window, was my first and by no means the least admirable experience of American sculpture on its native soil—to be face to face with St. Gaudens's figure of "Grief" in Rock Creek Cemetery at Washington having long been a desire. In time I came to see that beautiful conception; and I saw also the fine Shaw monument in Boston—fine both in idea and in execution; and the Sherman by the Plaza Hotel in New York; and the Farragut in Madison Square; and the "Pilgrim" in Philadelphia—all the work of the same firm, sensitive hand.

The statue seems almost as natural a part of American civic ornament as it is in France and is not in England. And the standard as a rule is high. In particular, I like the many horsemen—Anthony Wayne dominating the landscape at Valley Forge; and George Washington again and again, and not least in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia (where there is also a bronze rough-rider realistically set on a cliff—as though from Ambrose Bierce's famous story—by Frederic Remington). American painters can too often suggest predecessors, usually French, but the sculptors have a strength and directness of their own, and it would not surprise me if some of the best statues of the future came from this country. No one would say that all American civic sculpture is good. There is a gigantic bust of Washington Irving behind New York's Public Library which would be better away; nor are the lions that guard that splendid institution superabundantly leonine; but the traveler is more charmed than depressed by the marble and bronze effigies that meet his eye—and few witnesses have been able to say that of England. Among the more satisfying public works I might name the symbolical figures on the steps of the Boston Free Library and the frieze in deep relief on the Romanesque church on Park Avenue in New York; and I found something big and elemental in the Barnard groups at Harrisburg. Many of the bronzes in the Metropolitan Museum—at the other extreme—are exquisite.



Wide World Photos
"DURING THOSE FEW WEEKS . . . BABE RUTH WAS THE NATIONAL HERO"

. . .

Perhaps it is merely a traveler's illusion (and we are very susceptible to them), but I have the impression that American men are more alike than the English are. It may be because there are fewer idiosyncrasies in male attire, for in America every one wears the same kind of hat; but I think not. In spite of the mixed origin of most Americans, a national type of face has been evolved to which they seem satisfied almost universally to pay allegiance. Again and again in the streets I have been about to accost strangers whom I felt sure I had recently been introduced to, discovering just in time that they were merely doubles. In England I fancy there is more individuality in appearance.

And what about the science of physiognomy? I have been wondering if Lavater is to be trusted outside Europe. In China and Japan I was continually perplexed, for I saw so many men who obviously were successful—leaders and controllers—but who were without more than the rudiment of a nose on which to support their glasses; and yet I had been brought up to believe that without a nose of some dimensions it was idle to hope for worldly eminence. Again, in America, is it possible that all these massive chins and firm aquiline noses are ruling the roost and reaching what ever goal they set out for? I doubt it.

The average American face is, I think, keener than ours and healthier. One sees fewer ruined faces than in English cities, fewer men and women who have lost self-respect and self-control. The American people as a whole strike the observer as being more prosperous, more alert or ambitious, than the English. Where I found mean streets they were always in the occupation of aliens.

To revert to the matter of clothes, the American does as little as possible to make things easy for the conjectural observer. In England one can base guesses of some accuracy on attire. In a railway carriage one can hazard without any great risk of error the theory that this man is in a trade and that in a profession that another is a stockbroker and a fourth a country squire. But America is full of surprises due to the uniformity of clothing and a certain carelessness which elevates comfort to a ritual. The man you think of as a millionaire may be a drummer, the drummer a millionaire. Again, in England people are known to a certain extent by the hotels they stay at, the restaurants they eat at, and the class in which they travel. Such superficial guides fail one in America. Democracy again.

This alikeness is not confined to the features and clothing of Americans, but it is noticeable in their thought and conversation. The whole tendency is towards leveling, and yet one feels that the knots in the board might be more frequent. One would like to meet more idiosyncrasies, more "characters." And we should do so if the Americans were not so unwilling to be bothered, not so eager to be moving on. One result of this ease and urgency is that too many of them make use of the same phrases, bringing as little as possible of any personal vocabulary to their assistance and taking for granted much more than their intellects ought to permit them to. In England we have our current coin of speech—our constantly changing slang terms—but in England some people talk slang and others don't, whereas in America every one asks you if you can beat it, and wonders what you know about that, and meets surprising remarks with "Is that so?" and suggests reflectively that it is a good life if you don't weaken.

Possibly another cause for a certain similarity in mind, or at any rate in mental attitude, is the similarity of the newspapers. These are for the most part so much alike that they might, except in so far as they deal with Presidential

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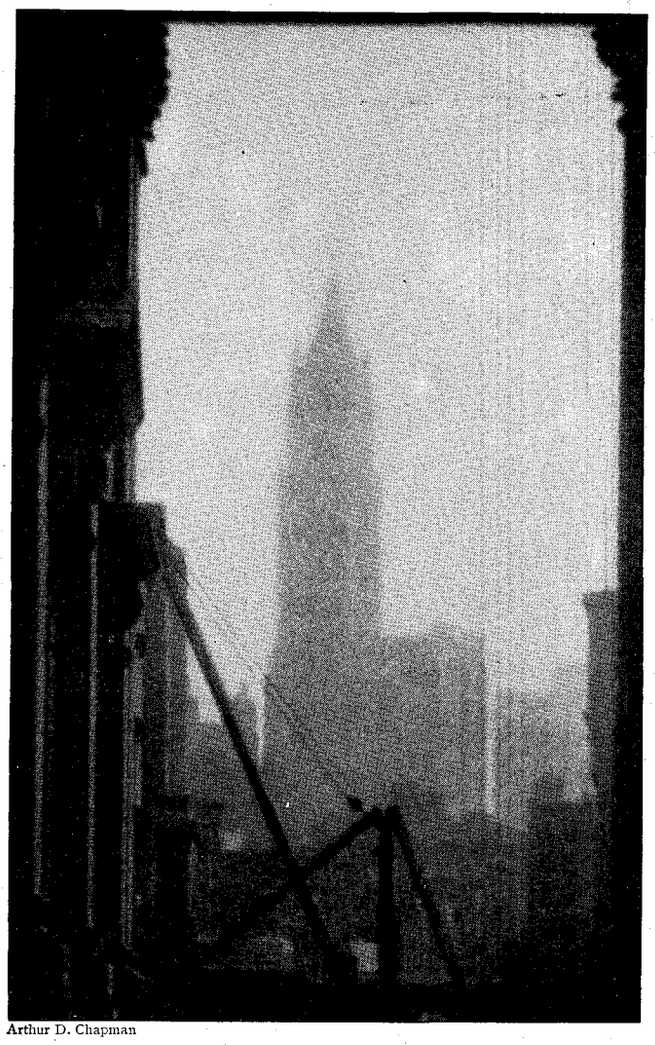

Arthur D. Chapman

"THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING DOES NOT SCRAPE THE SKY; IT GREETS IT, SALUTES IT WITH A *BEAU GESTE*"

candidates, exchange titles without any reader being the wiser. Indeed, so similar are they that, owing to the ramifications of the press syndicate system, a traveler across the continent may find himself continually reading the same thing in different sheets. I am not asserting that it is better for newspapers each to have their own character, as in England and France; but it is certainly more provocative of individual thought.

. . .

I can best indicate, without the mechanical assistance of dates, the time of my sojourn in New York by saying that during those few weeks President Wilson's successor was being sought, the possibility of the repeal of the Prohibition Act was a matter of excited interest, and Babe Ruth was the national hero. During this period I saw the President sitting on the veranda of the White House; I had opportunities of honoring Prohibition in the breach as well as in the observance; and these eyes were everlastingly cheered and enriched by the spectacle of the Babe lifting a ball over the Polo Ground pavilion into Manhattan Field. I hold, then, that I cannot be said to have been unlucky or to have wasted my time.

I found Prohibition the universal topic: could it last and should it last? In England we are accused of talking always of the weather. In America, where there is no weather, nothing but climate, that theme probably was never popular. Even if it once were, however, it had given way to Prohibition. At every lunch or dinner table at which I was present, Prohibition was the first subject and the last, whatever may have intervened. And how could it be otherwise? For if my host was a "dry" man, he had to begin by apologizing for having nothing cheering to offer; and if he possessed a cellar it was impossible not to open the ball by congratulating him on his luck or his generosity. Meanwhile the guests were comparing notes as to the best substitutes for alcoholic beverages, exchanging recipes, or describing their adventures with private stills. For every one seemed to be experimenting. Not a house, however pure and honorable its façade, that did not conceal an illicit vat or crucible; not a man who was not a potential smuggler. I visited a young couple in a charming little cottage in one of the Garden Cities near New York, and found them equally divided in their solicitude over a baby on the top floor and a huge jar in the basement which needed constant skimming if the beer was to be worth drinking.

If my own friends and acquaintances may be taken as representative, the opinion of Americans is that they were torpedoed into total abstinence and that some abatement of the privation is necessary.

. . .

Perhaps if I had reached New York from the sea the sky-scrapers would have struck me more violently. But I had already seen a few in San Francisco (and wondered at and admired the courage which could build so high after the earthquake of 1906), and more in Chicago, all ugly; so that when I came to New York and found that the latest architects were not only building high but imposing beauty on these mammoth structures, surprise was mingled with delight. No matter how many more millions of dollars are expended on that strange medley of ancient forms which go to make up New York's new Cathedral, where Romanesque and Gothic seem already to be ready for their divorce, the Woolworth Building will be New York's true fane. Whoever designed that graceful immensity not only gave Commerce its most notable monument (to date) but removed forever the slur upon sky-scrapers. The Woolworth Building does not scrape the sky; it greets it, salutes it with a *beau geste*. And I should say something similar of the Bush Building, with its alabaster chapel in the air that becomes translucent at night; and the Madison Square tower (whose clock-face, I notice, has the amazing diameter of three floors); and the Burroughs-Welcome Building on Forty-first Street, with its lovely perpendicular lines; and that very solid cube of masonry on Park Avenue which bursts into flower, so to speak, at the top in the shape of a very beautiful loggia. But even if these adornments become, as I hope, the rule, one could not resent this structural elephantiasis a moment after realizing the physical conditions of New York. A growing city built on a narrow peninsula is unable to expand laterally and must therefore soar. The problem was how to make it soar with dignity, and the problem has been solved.

In the old days, when brown stone was the only builders' medium, New York must have been a drab city indeed; or so I gather from the few ancient typical residences that remain. There are a few that are new, too, but for the most part the modern house is of white stone. Gayest of all is, I suppose, that vermilion-roofed florist's on Fifth Avenue.

. . .

It used to be said that good Americans when they died went to Paris. The Parisian lure no doubt is still powerful; but every day I should guess that more of Paris comes to America. The upper parts of New York have boulevards and apartment houses very like the real thing, and I noticed that the architecture of France exerts a special attraction for the rich man decreeing himself a pleasure dome. There are millionaires' residences in New York that might have been transplanted not only from the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne but from Touraine itself; while when I made my pilgrimage to Mr. Widener's, just outside Philadelphia, I found Rembrandt's "Mill," and Manet's dead bull-fighter, and a Vermeer, and a little meadow painted divinely by Corot, and El Greco's family group, and Donatello's St. George, and one of the most lovely scenes that ever was created by Turner's enchanted brush, all enshrined in a palace which Louis Seize might have built.

But America is still more French than

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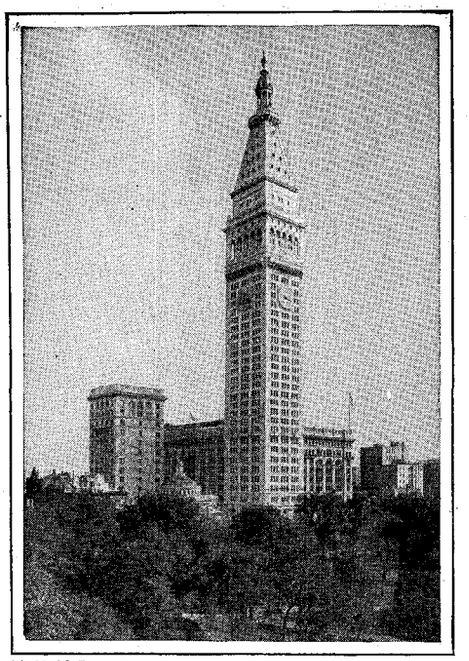
is. Her women can be not less *soignée* an those of France, although they sug- st a cooler blood and less dependence male society; her shops can be as stinguished as those of the Rue de la ix and far more costly; and her bread better than France's best. Moreover, nen it comes to night, and the Broad- ay constellations challenge the darkness, ew York leaves Paris far behind. or every cabaret and supper resort that aris can provide New York has three; d for every dancing floor in Paris New ork has thirty. Good Americans, how- er, will still remain faithful to their d posthumous love, if only for her ine.

. . .

Among the peculiarly beautiful effects at America produces the sky signs must counted high. I had seen some when San Francisco against the deep Cali- rnian sky, and they captivated the artled vision; but the reckless profu- on and movement of the great white ty, as I turned out of Forty-second



(C) H. M. Bennett

"THE MADISON SQUARE [METROPOLITAN] TOWER (WHOSE CLOCK FACE, I NOTICE, HAS THE AMAZING DIAMETER OF THREE FLOORS)"

Street, on my first night in New York, came as something more than a surprise—a revelation of willful gayety. We have normally nothing in England to compare with it. Nor can we have even our summer exhibition imitations of it so long as coal is so rare and costly. But though we had the driving power for the electricity we could never get such brilliance, for the clear American atmosphere is an essential ally. In our humid airs all the diamond glints would be blurred. For the purest beauty of traceries of white light against a blue background one must go, however, not to Broadway, which is too bizarre, but to Luna Park on Coney Island. Odd that it should be there, in that bewildering medley of sound and restlessness, that one extreme of loveliness should be found; but I maintain that it is so, that nothing more strangely and voluptuously beautiful could be seen than all those minarets and domes, those lines and curves formed of myriad lamps, turning the night into an ocean of velvet blue mysterious and soft and profound.

Further notes from Mr. Lucas's Note-Book will be printed next week

VISITORS TO THE GRACCHI

BY MARGARET STEEL HARD

WHEN Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus telephoned, "Cornelia, my dear, I am bringing Claudius ppius and a couple of Senators home to ncheon," one wonders whether Cor- lia's first thought was for the menu or r jewels. Did she long for a safety posit box in which to place the latter mporarily?

Without irreverence one pictures the eal that followed. Tiberius, Jr., in his gh chair, Gaius at his mother's elbow, d the constant undertow of gastronomic junctions running beneath the surface w of conversation—not to mention iberius's fixed intention to share the digestible dessert prepared for the Sena- rs, and Gaius's unseemly interruptions ring the discussion of the new aque- ct. But no! To fancy these difficulties a ménage such as Cornelia's must have en is folly.

When the honorable Senators finally wed away in their Rolls-Royce galley, e feels sure that there were no ejacula- ns such as, "How *can* Tiberius and rnelia allow their children to behave ?" and that Cornelia did not cast her- f into the husbandly embrace, crying, Oh, Tiberius Sempronius, let's *never* ve company again!"

Had Cornelia been subject to such man weakness, I could find it in my art to love her. I, too, have a feminine ius and a turbulent Tiberius; and en their father announces that we are reatened with company, my soul knows bulation.

Cleopatra, motoring out for the week- d, looks with ill-concealed disfavor on Tiberius's home-made hair-cut and e pump-handle salutation of Gaius, who has not learned the little trick of ducking when introduced. "So pretty, my dear," admonishes Cleopatra; "American children are so lacking in *manner*." And it is during her visit that I am suddenly aware of the misdemeanor of my best gown, handed down from trousseau days, and still flaunting its unblushing length and breadth.

Next comes Hypatia—a flying glimpse. She carries the last copy of the "Dial" under her arm, and wears the insignia of half a dozen radical groups upon her coat lapel. "My *dear*," she enjoins, after a half-hour's analysis of the children and me, "you *must* avoid complexes and inhibitions in the children. And, above all things, Cornelia, *don't* become a parent with a *fat* mind." After she has gone, leaving me a book on "Suggestion," it is indeed a blow to have Tiberius Sempronius produce a letter heralding a visit from Aunt Flavia.

Aunt Flavia's visits are long at best. She accounts for all the shortcomings of the children by lopping off first one and then another limb from Tiberius Sempronius's or my family tree. When evening comes, and I bring out my darning or finish belated ironing, her conversational candle burns its brightest. "Cornelia," she says, eying the holes in Gaius's stockings, "I rejoice that you are nearly out of the woods." Involuntarily my mind's eye searches the horizon for some dense foliage, but finding none I come back to what Aunt Flavia is saying. "Gaius and Tiberius are now past the most troublesome stage. They will soon be comparatively independent. I do hope, Cornelia, that you are going to—" Aunt Flavia hesitates delicately. "Really, Cornelia, you need some broadening influences in your life."

"But, Aunt Flavia," I urge ineffectually, "Tiberius Sempronius and I feel that the largest influence is—" It is no use. Aunt Flavia is deaf to my defense. "Really, Cornelia," she continues, "I am surprised to find how little reading you do. No intelligent woman can afford to let these serious matters drift. The League of Nations, for example. You should at least know the substance of the different Articles; and I was truly mortified the other day, at the meeting of the Customary Wash-Day Club, to find how ignorant you are in matters of parliamentary procedure. As the wife of Tiberius Sempronius, Cornelia, it is your duty to study these things."

"But Aunt Flavia, Tiberius Sempronius didn't ask me if I understood parliamentary procedure when he sought me in marriage." Aunt Flavia is impervious to such flippancy.

After she has retired with a copy of the "Survey"—a sort of bedtime toddy for Aunt Flavia—I put away the darning basket and wait for Tiberius Sempronius. He comes in quietly, and after brushing up the coals on the hearth and glancing amusedly at the pile of freshly mended stockings, he blows out the candles on the mantle. But first he looks at me a bit thoughtfully, with just the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. Then he says, "Cornelia, I met Claudius Appius in the Forum to-day; he and Mrs. Appius are going to Messina for the winter. He offered us the use of their safety deposit box for your jewels. But I told him that you had only an unfinished necklace. Was I right, Cornelia?"

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JUSTICE AND THE COURT MARTIAL SYSTEM

BY A REGULAR

THE court martial needs no defense. Military law, wisely administered, is beneficent. Its maladministration or misadministration by thousands of inexperienced men clothed suddenly with great responsibility has been the cause of endless misunderstanding and abuse. As a summary court officer I tried more than two hundred cases. Not a single defender ever left my trial-room without realizing the need for military law, without a better understanding of its operation than he had before, and few, if any, with the slightest feeling of resentment toward the Government, the accusing officer, or myself.

A SOLDIER IS A HUMAN BEING

The detail as summary court officer is an unpleasant one, but in the Army we do not pick our details. Given a job to do, we do it the best we know how. While I was not originally of the Regular Army, I came in for our entertainment of Kaiser Wilhelm the Second. When I was appointed summary court, I realized that in justice to myself it was my duty to go thoroughly and earnestly into each case brought before me, putting myself in the shoes of the offender, and to fix his mental condition at the time of the commission of the act for which he was to be tried. I was conscientious in this. I would not take thousands of dollars for my experience as a summary court, nor would I voluntarily go through it again for more thousands of dollars. I can look back on my duties with the feeling that every man I tried was a better soldier for the incident, and that I myself got something good out of it. I may have failed to be just in the exact sense of the word. That I was humanly merciful I honestly believe. A few cases in point:

STEALS HORSE TO FEED STARVING MOTHER

Sergeant X, thirty-eight years old, above the draft age as first fixed, anxious to serve, enlisted voluntarily. Had a thorough knowledge of horses and mules; was made stable sergeant in an important organization. Had a dependent mother, to whom he allotted the greater part of his pay. Each pay day he remitted to her, in addition to his allotment, a portion of the small stipend he received. One day there came to me for investigation charges against Sergeant X. He was accused of the minor offense of being absent without leave, and the more serious offense of having sold a Government horse, saddle, and bridle. Sergeant X had been arrested by the military police. He was drunk when taken into custody, and when I received the charges he was in confinement. I investigated the case. As a result I felt that charges should not lie against Sergeant X, but against some person employed in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, because my investigation developed that the aged mother of Sergeant X had for months not received a penny of her son's wages, and was practically dying of slow starvation, her life kept in her by the charity of the community in which she lived. When Sergeant X discovered this, he was so distressed as to be mentally irresponsible. In this frame of mind he "licked up" a lot of "moonshine liquor" and sold the horse, saddle, and bridle with the idea of sending the money to his mother. The horse, saddle, and bridle were recovered without cost to the Government, and, on my recommendation, the serious charges against Sergeant X were withdrawn and he was disciplined solely for being absent without leave.

Sergeant K, charged with being absent without leave for nine days. He entered a plea of guilty, and then I had him tell me his story. He was engaged to marry a young widow who lived within a hundred miles of camp. He had received a letter from her, saying that she was ill with influenza and would like to have him visit her. He had obtained from his company commander promise of a ten-day pass to begin on a certain Saturday. In the interval between the promise of the pass and the time it was to begin he had received another letter from his sweetheart saying that her little boy also had influenza. Friday night his company commander announced at the Retreat Formation that because of a suspected case of measles in the company there would be no passes, and that everybody would stay in camp until further orders. Sergeant K waited until noon Saturday, and then quietly slipped out of camp, went to see his sweetheart, was with her through the crisis in her illness, buried her little son, who died while he was there, and then came back to camp. Did I find him guilty? I did not. His company commander was deficient in knowledge of men. The company was quartered in six buildings. If there were measles in one of them, occupants of that particular building might have been quarantined. If it were necessary to restrict passes or to impose restrictions on those promised, then the company commander should have had applicants see him again, that he might reconsider and pass upon the desirability of living up to his promise or revoking the privilege. I found Sergeant K not guilty.

ACCUSED FIXES OWN PENALTY

Sergeant A, of the old-time Regular Army, absent without leave nine days and twenty-three hours. Before me for trial, no excuse, pleaded guilty. He wanted to see his sweetheart; she was not sick, neither was he. He did not even ask permission of his company commander. I talked the case over with him, and asked him to sit momentarily as summary court and fix the penalty. He thought that a non-commissioned offic of the Regular Army who could so f forget regulations and training as to commit an offense lik that ought to be "busted" and "stung about $10 a month for three months. agreed with him, thus enabling th sergeant to fix his own penalty.

Private G, accused by an officer of th military police of being drunk and d orderly in uniform, to the discredit of t military service, and of the grave offen of "willful disobedience of the lawf order of a commissioned officer." Th last charge being one which should b before a general court because of i gravity, the papers came to me for inv tigation. I knew Private G well. H was a tall, lean, quiet piece of hum efficiency, always alert, courteous a punctilious in the performance of eve duty. I could not imagine him willful refusing to obey any order. In my inv tigation I sent for the accusing offic and got his story. Then I talked wi others who saw the incident related. Th is the foundation on which those charg were made: Private G had gone to near-by town and fallen from grace. T bootlegger whisky which was sold soldiers was of such high potentiali that unless one stood on an insulat base when drinking it the kick wou knock him down. Two or three drinks this would crumple up any man. Priva G boarded a street car to return to cam and promptly went to sleep in the corn of his seat. Three other joyous soldier but more wakeful than G, came in a sat with him. The three later comers e gaged in loud, coarse talk. The officer military police was a passenger on th car. He walked to where the three wake ing soldiers and one sleeping soldi were seated and ordered all four of the to get up and find seats apart and quit talking. The three wakening ou did as he bid, but Private G stood, rather sat, fast. He was beyond waki at that time, and because he was beyo waking the officer accused him of "wi ful disobedience of a lawful order." Th young officer who had not sufficie knowledge of our language to know t meaning of the word "willful" had effrontery to accuse a man of a capi offense. Private G was not tried. was disciplined, but his record was n marred by any summary court convictio

ASSORTED DRINKS

Cook H, accused of being drunk a disorderly in uniform and of wilful d obedience of the "lawful order of non-commissioned officer." These bei charges for a general court to try, it w my duty to investigate them before th were forwarded. I learned that Cook boarded a trolley car near camp af having had a sip or two of the celebra "$20 a pint" poison which made

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many bootleggers rich, and in paying his fare to the conductor jokingly said, "Be sure you turn that in, old timer." The conductor assured Cook H that he would turn it in, considering the incident more as a passing joke than anything else. On the back platform was a non-commissioned officer of military police whose knowledge of the English language was very deficient. He assumed that Cook H and the conductor were quarreling and rushed in, pistol half drawn, to take charge of the situation. Cook H, more amused than offended, began to "kid" the military police. As a result Cook H was "jugged" and charges drawn against him. I later tried the case in my capacity as summary court. Cook H was acquitted and the summary court recommended that men deficient in knowledge of our language be not detailed on military police duty.

Cook C "tanked up" on flavoring extract, Jamaica ginger, Worcestershire sauce, or anything else which had either a real or imaginary kick in it. He was a "regular customer" in my court, and spent most of his time in the guard-house. I knew, as he well did, that the only place to keep him out of trouble was the guard-house. He did not have will power enough to change his habits, so in justice to the service and mercy to him I changed his habitation.

It is my honest belief that any officer who serves as a summary court or as a member of a special or general court martial should, as a matter of duty, temper his judgment with mercy, wisely administered, after placing himself as nearly as possible in the shoes of the offender. He must take into account extraneous and related circumstance as affecting the mental or physical condition of the accused man at the time.

Rigid adherence to the letter of our law is bad. The court should remember that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." The best study of mankind is man. A student of man will not follow the letter and ignore the spirit. He will be fair to the prisoner, to himself, and to the service, and merciful justice rather than vengeance will result.

AMERICAN FARMERS ARE MOVING OUT AND FOREIGNERS ARE MOVING IN

Brown Bros.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE EASTERN FARMER?

PART I—OUR AGRICULTURAL PLIGHT

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

The man who actually tills the soil is the man who is the foundation of our whole social structure, and if the life of the community is such as to eliminate him, all the rest of the community will pay in the end for his elimination.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

I SET out on a two months' journey of some 3,500 miles through New England, New York, and Pennsylvania in an effort to find out to what extent conditions are tending to eliminate the man who tills the soil. I talked to hundreds of farmers, farm help, and farm leaders.

What these men and women have told me may be enlightening and educative, but certainly is not entertaining.

I have been informed by unquestioned authority that New England now imports from the South, West, and foreign countries over eighty per cent of its food products, amounting to over $500,000,000 annually, and that the ten Eastern States combined hand over to the South, the West, and foreign countries each year more than $1,250,000,000 for foodstuffs. The most lamentable thing about this astonishing statement is that these ten States, if properly cultivated, could raise more food than the people of those States consume. And all the time the great army of agricultural non-producers—middlemen, merchants, bankers, professionals, transportation workers, and the like—is rapidly increasing.

A companion statement fully as astonishing is that more than 5,000,000 acres of land that once were under cultivation in New England are now idle. Transportation charges must be paid upon that $1,250,000,000 worth of foodstuffs brought into the ten Eastern States. This means increased cost of living for the consumers. The recent rise in freight rates will add still more to the burden.

At The Outlook's request Mr. Gathany during the summer made a personal study of farm conditions on the North Atlantic seaboard, traveling many miles by train, motor car, and on foot to obtain the facts presented in these articles. He interviewed farmers, farmers' wives, hired workers, and heads of farm bureaus and exchanges, and talked to merchants, bankers, and manufacturers in the States of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; and he interviewed numerous farm authorities from Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire.

—THE EDITORS.

ON THE ROCKS

"Farming only gets attention," said a Massachusetts farmer, "when things go

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May D. Hepper, New York City

BOY-POWER OFTEN HAS TO TAKE THE PLACE OF MAN-POWER

so bad on the farms that their condition becomes a matter of news. That is one of the troubles with farming. It is not on speaking acquaintance with the rest of the world. A lot of people seem to think the food production problem came upon us overnight. But it's no such thing. Agriculture has been steadily declining since the Civil War," said the farmer, pausing in his hoeing.

"In 1915 the Associated Industries of Massachusetts reported that from 1860 to 1910 farm land under cultivation in New England decreased 42 per cent, and that the population of 828 rural towns decreased 82 per cent, while the population of New England as a whole increased 110 per cent. The investigators also found that between 1840 and 1910 sheep decreased in New England from 4,000,000 head to 430,672, a loss of 89 per cent. Milch cows in Massachusetts decreased over 24 per cent from 1890 to 1913, while the population increased 59 per cent. In 1915 another investigation showed that staple foodstuffs in New England cost 47 per cent more than the same articles cost in five States of the Middle West, due to the absence of a food supply near at hand. Yes, New England farming right now is on the rocks. Farm wages in the United States now are more than 200 per cent above what they were in 1910, and still this increase has not been sufficient to meet the increased wages in other industries. Fifty of the necessary articles which the farmer must purchase in order to farm it at all cost fully 221 per cent more now than in 1914, without a corresponding increase in the price of the farmer's products. With such conditions facing him, the farmer did not dare to pay his hired men more, and of course they left him."

I asked a farmer in Connecticut: "Is not the fundamental trouble with agriculture in New England an inherent natural difficulty, a question of the lack of good soil?" "No, sir," was his quick and positive response. "There is no better soil anywhere in the world. Of course there are plenty of ledges and boulders, and acres that are worn out because they have been over-cropped and maltreated, but all of the New England soil responds quickly and bounteously when it is treated properly. The rainfall is abundant and well distributed. Fruit trees grow vigorously, and there are few spots on earth where apples take on better flavor. Nowhere can better hay be grown. Pasture lands will more than meet you half way when treated correctly. An almost limitless number of cattle and sheep could be raised. New England is capable of producing limitless quantities of corn, apples, potatoes, onions, lettuce, asparagus, strawberries, peaches, barley, wheat, tobacco, carrots, beets, radishes, tomatoes, and grapes. Good farm lands are relatively cheap, and this section is noted for its good roads. Manufacturing centers are right at the farmer's door. Railways, telephones, electric car lines, rural free delivery, automobile service, form a perfect network of transportation and communication facilities. There is no inherent natural difficulty. The trouble is entirely man-made difficulties, and not God-made, in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. It's a pity that most of the best brains of the country are devoted to industry at the expense of agriculture."

I reported this conversation to an unusually well-informed farmer in a small town on Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island. He is sixty-two years of age, and is considered by the Federal Government as one of the most valuable men engaged in agriculture in America.

"How did agriculture in the East come to such a plight?" I asked.

"A young man bought this very farm in 1812 for $10,000," he replied. "He paid $5,000 down, giving his note for the balance. Four years later he completed the last payment. In the meantime his table was always supplied with the best of fresh food. All this, sir, was accomplished on a New England farm in four years, the entire bill being paid by producing beef, pork, corn, and hay. His products were loaded into sloops down there by the wharves that you see in the distance, and were taken by the farmers themselves to the West Indies and to Cuba, where they were swapped for molasses and sugar, which in turn were sold here, in Fall River, and Providence, at good prices. The farmers worked together, handled their goods together. It was that spirit which made New England farming famous and profitable. Labor did not exceed 60 cents per day with board, or $1 per day without board. In 1839 one of the farms in Rhode Island produced 20,000 bushels of potatoes. About 1840 manufacturing in New England got on its feet and called the mentally active young men from the farms into the industries. From then on manufacturers gave better and better wages than could be had on the farms. It was manufacturing and commerce, and not the lure of the West, that started the ruination of New England agriculture. In 1865, as now, the returned soldiers did not care to go on the farms. There was an easier and a more attractive life opened to them in the industrial centers."

WORKED ONE DAY; TOO HARD

The lack of adequate farm labor is shocking. What help the farmer can get is usually disheartenningly unintelligent and shockingly inefficient. A Massachusetts farmer took me out into his fields. I saw grass and weeds higher than the potatoes, beans, and corn.

"I am thoroughly ashamed of the condition of this place," said he. "It usually is as clean as a hound's tooth. My boy and I have had to run this business alone, as it is almost impossible to get farm labor. A big corporation in this town has robbed the farmers of all able-bodied men by paying them unheard-of high wages and giving them short days. Where are the war gardens of yesterday? City people have found out that raising produce is not so easy. They want jobs in which they are protected from the scorching sun, the soaking dew, and the biting cold. They want easy work at high wages. I offered a grammar school boy $18 a week at eight hours a day. He worked one day, and said he did not like to bend his back. He would see if he could not get a job in the city. I haven't seen him since. The highest I ever got as a farm help was $11 per week; now I pay $30 and over and the men are not satisfied."

DRIVEN OUT BY FOREIGNERS

In a secluded Connecticut town, miles from electric or steam service, I one day stopped in front of a farmhouse sign, "This farm for sale." The buildings and the lands were in such good condition that I wondered at the sign. My knock at the door was answered by a bright, intelligent-looking young woman. I asked for the man of the house.

"John went to town this morning at 2:30 to sell his produce, but will not be back until about 6 P.M.," she said.

"Why are you going to leave this farm?" I inquired.

She began to unravel a story of shat-

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tered ideals and lost courage such as many other farmers' wives have told me.

"My husband is a college man and I am a normal graduate," she told me. "Our ideal has been to own a farm of our own. We were born in the biggest city in the world, where green grass is very scarce. Our occasional trips to the country always aggravated our desire to live next to mother earth, and to try our hand at what we thought the easy, congenial, and profitable life of a farmer. We invested our little capital in this place three years ago. At that time the three houses you see in the distance were owned by American families; now two of them are occupied by Italians. In rural districts one depends largely on neighbors for social life; and it was a big blow to us when our neighbors sold out to foreigners. We are worried about the utter lack of modern school facilities for our year-old daughter. Could we think of sending her three miles away from home each day with foreigners as her only companions?

"It is not pleasant to stay here with only my little daughter for company while John is gone away to town practically sixteen hours each day during the harvest season. Nor for him to work sixteen hours and more a day while other men are working much shorter hours. We both have always been used to wide social activities, but since we bought this farm we have been practically cut off from all forms of amusement. We have always kept a goodly supply of current magazines on our living-room table. Had it not been for these we could not have stayed here as long as we have, especially during winter.

"I want you to understand that we would not have minded the many hours of hard work we have both put in had we felt sufficiently compensated socially and intellectually. We feel that to be of service is the main reason why human beings are in the world, but it has been the heartrending lonesomeness, the encroachment of foreigners, and the inadequate school facilities which finally turned our faces citywards," concluded John's wife.

"MY BOYS HELPA ME CHEAP"

I turned to one of the near-by Italian houses. As I walked into the littered dooryard of what had formerly been a well-kept farmhouse, I was greeted by a hearty "Hulloa" from the lips of a swarthy Italian woman who sat on the front doorsteps getting macaroni ready to string out in the yard to dry.

"My husband and five boys are working over in the potato field," she said.

"Well," said I a little later to Tony, the father of five husky boys who were industriously hoeing potatoes with their father, "how are you getting along?"

"If I have no boys to helpa me cheap, I no maka much money this year," said he. "Too mucha rain. Seeds too mucha high. Fertilizer very scarce this spring. No getta big price for vegetables. I guess I maka some mon' thisa year because I no pay biga mon' to my boys. Boys help pretty fair. But," said he, leaning towards me confidentially, "you know, mister, my boys he make damn funny talk these days about go to city for biga pay and gooda time. One boy say the other day, 'Some time, old man, you wake up in the morning, finda me bunk from this slow hole."

Brown Bros.

HOUSEWORK ISN'T THE ONLY WORK OF THE MODERN FARMER'S WIFE

Evidently Tony is facing a serious help problem as well as those other farmers whom nature has not supplied so well with labor. Practically the only farmers who are actually making money these days are foreigners with large families, who are not forced to hire help at factory prices or go without. In the Connecticut Valley many of the farms have recently been bought by Jews who have large families of girls and boys to help do even the hardest work in the fields. The mothers work as hard as the men. Fortunately for the foreign farmers, these women haven't time openly to bewail their burdens. They are undoubtedly too tired when night comes to pine for either city or country amusements.

I next called on a successful farmer who, aided by his son, runs a 200-acre farm. The farm had been in the hands of his family continuously since 1639—fully eleven generations.

AN AGRICULTURAL REVOLUTION

"Did you know that Germany made such a specialty of potato raising that her potatoes were used as ballast for her ships sailing to this country?" he asked. "The farmer needs a protective tariff fully as much as the manufacturer. Holland, I understand, is planning to send to America great quantities of potatoes this fall. Farm products can be raised cheaper in Europe and Canada than in the United States.

"Until the world war we were again getting on our feet financially. Now it is nip and tuck with us again. I suppose a man after working hard until he is sixty-five years old is entitled to take life more easily than I do. If farmers are going to keep at it, either the acreage must be cut down to the point where the farmer can do the work, or else farming must be put upon a purely commercial basis, so that it can compete with commerce and industry as to hours of labor and wages, and that calls for a complete reorganization of agriculture, an agricultural revolution."

Here was a highly respected American family engaged continuously in farming for over two hundred and eighty years, and now scarcely able to earn a decent living! Yet there are thousands of manufacturers, and millions of consumers, all with an attack of sour stomach because they fear that the Government will become kindly disposed to the farmer and enable him to make a cent or two or work less than sixteen hours a day!

A team of horses and a mowing-machine were out in a big hay lot, driven by a Yale graduate, a direct descendant of one of the first Governors of Connecticut.

"The farm was granted to our family by King George in colonial days, and it has never been deeded away," he told me. "Our old house has witnessed the tremendous changes in agriculture. To-day every farmer is largely at the mercy of the tool-makers, railways, and manufacturers of clothing, hats, and fertilizer. But complaining Americans seem to think that farmers are lying down on the job. Every farmer in this region has been working like a slave every day since March 1. Personally I have averaged from fifteen to sixteen hours every day, including Sundays, since before the frost left the ground this spring. I had sixty bushels of potatoes in the barn to be planted. Just above here, at the time my potatoes ought to have been planted, three thousand mill-hands were on strike. I was here on this farm of three hundred and fifty acres without a soul to help me, except a few Italian women. I advertised in the local paper for help, offering factory prices, and offering to sell potatoes

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and other farm products at wholesale prices to the families of those who would help me. Not one man of the three thousand showed up. A few days later three men came along and asked if I wanted some help. I told them my terms and even agreed to carry them to and from the trolley and pay their car-fares both ways. Those men worked just three days and have not showed up since.

LOSES $2,300 IN CORN

"Last year I planted twenty-two acres of corn. Labor, fertilizer, seed, and freight cost me at the rate of $200 per acre. That made an outgo of $4,400 before one red cent came in. That did not include interest on my investment, nor my own labor. What do you suppose I got for those twenty-two acres of corn? Just $2,100. Do you see any corn around here this year? Who has reimbursed me for that loss? How am I going to get it back? What would a business man do in such a case? One or two things. He would either charge the loss up to the public as overhead expense, or he would shut down his business until it did pay him to run it. The farmers have never treated the public that way. The public does not expect to make good to the farmer his losses. Now that is one of the fundamental troubles with farming.

"Farmers are not going to produce what this country needs until farming is profitable. The farmer has made up his mind that he is not going to be the goat any longer. Last fall, at crop-gathering time, farmers suffered terrible losses on account of bad weather. This spring the weather came on just as bad if not worse. Come out and look at my fields. There are acres and acres of last year's corn stubbles still sticking out of the ground. That field of potatoes out there wouldn't keep a goat alive until next spring. Religiously they are hard-shelled Baptists. They have been immersed four times. The crops you do see are from a month to six weeks behind. I am connected with the State Agricultural Department, and I feel safe in saying that New England has planted from 25 to 35 per cent less this year than last. My opinion is that farming must be thoroughly organized and put on a strictly modern basis before the country will get enough to eat."

I learned that this Yale man's brother went into the hardware business and has made money hand over fist.

AMERICAN COWS GO ABROAD

"How old are you?" I called out to three boys who were pitching hay. They did not answer. I called out again.

"If you shouted all day those youngsters couldn't hear you," said the owner of the farm. "They're from a deaf and dumb institution."

"A deaf and dumb institution!" I said.

"Yes; agriculture has come to such a pass that farmers are compelled to hire such help or go without."

The name of the man who was talking to me has been for forty-two years on the books of one of the largest seed houses in the United States. This year his name does not appear there. Last year he had about one hundred and fifty acres under cultivation; this year he has but twelve. Last year he used eight horses; this year he has but three. Last year he kept nine milch cows; this year he keeps three, but he is going to sell them this fall. Last year he hired a large number of men; this year he has but one of his old men and the three deaf and dumb boys, one ten years old, the other fifteen, and the third sixteen.

Keystone View Co.

EVERYBODY HAS TO WORK TO MAKE ENDS MEET ON MOST NEW ENGLAND FARMS

In 1918 he raised over $13,000 worth of onion seeds; this year he is not raising an ounce. Last year he planted acres and acres of corn; this year the crows did not have a chance at any corn on his place. Instead of seeing acres of corn in the silk I saw acres of corn stubbles projecting their ugly and worthless stumps through ground thickly matted with grass and weeds.

"I have made some money raising seed crops in past years, but I can't afford to lose all I have made," said the farmer. "I saw last year that farming was not profitable, and you will note that I am almost out of it. Farmers are planting less this year than last year, and they will plant less next year than they have this. If farming were as profitable now as in years gone by, would you see all this land idle? Artificial financing will not do. Farming has got to be made to pay before it will come back."

About two miles away was another farmer employing a large number of deaf and dumb men and boys. Acres upon acres of corn stubbles! Deaf and dumb help! What a picture!

Farmers in New York and Pennsylvania are alarmed. Many farms which used to be sources of abundance of foodstuffs are now seeded down to grass or are abandoned to weeds; others lie half-cultivated. I am informed that there is as much as one-third shortage of farm labor in Delaware and New Jersey, with corresponding reduction of crops. I have been told that farmer after farmer is selling off his cows as soon as they become dry. The dairy business is being thoroughly organized, but the results of the old system are still felt. In the past the milk dealers, or middlemen, have had everything their own way. In many localities they still do. They have been in a position to force the farmer to take a price for his milk that did not pay him for the cost of producing it, and to force the consumer to pay far in excess of the price they paid the producer for it. Grain, hay, and labor are exceedingly high. What is the result?

During 1920 thus far there have been exported from the United States four times as many milch cows as were exported during the whole of 1918, and about three and one-half times as many as were exported during 1917. Most of those cows have gone to foreign countries where the value of milk as a food is appreciated.

CHILD LABOR AND SOIL-ROBBING

A Pennsylvania farmer said: "A manufacturer determines the selling price of an article by a system of cost accounting, and regulates the volume of production. A business man adds the cost of doing business plus a percentage for profit to his cost price. The farmer in the past has just produced; he had no system of cash accounting, no inventory, no balancing of accounts. Without thinking he sold away from the farm the fertility in the soil, and threw in the labor of his wife and children. The small cash surplus, if any remained, did not represent profit in farming, but the sweat of child labor and soil-robbing."

A New York farmer, speaking of the profits of packing concerns, said: "I am in a position to know that they have so organized their business that they turn their invested capital over at least twenty-six times each fiscal year. If, taking them at their own word, they make one per cent on each dollar they turn over, then they make not less than 26 per cent per year on each dollar invested. And these men are engaged in business wholly dependent upon the farmer. Now if all the farmers cut out raising cattle, hogs, sheep, and fowl, where would the great packers get off?

"The restaurant men are absolutely dependent upon the farmer for food products. In this locality they pay us once a week for produce. Inside of an hour these men begin to realize a profit on the things bought of the farmer; in a day's time they have made almost a complete turnover of their money invested, and in a week they have made at least six turnovers, each bringing in a handsome profit.

A GAMBLE WITH THE LORD

"Yet the farmer has but one turnover a year. Farmers never count on realizing

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profit on their *investments*. If they out whole on the labor they put in, counting that of their children and es, they are lucky. It may be several rs before a farmer has anything at all ing in from his labor. His expense s up every day in the year with no rn until harvest. His men do not k without regular pay. It takes three rs to raise a milk cow, and an average ight years before an orchard man can a cent of return for his labor. During these years he has been cultivating, aying, and pruning. A thunder-storm s not stop a manufacturer, but it does farmer.

The markets are crowded with crops one season and almost empty of them all others. This means that when he is rvesting his year's return, his products ng him in the least. They are bought by speculators when they are cheap d when the farmer must sell in order get money to pay his bills, and then dealers manipulate the amount they ll let loose on the market until harvest e comes again, and at prices to meet ir own speculative and immoral wishes.

"What percentage is the farmer enled to for his one turnover? Farming one big gamble with the Lord and the d. Our manufacturers and bankers uld be as poor as the farmers if they d to do business under the same conions.

HE BANKER'S GOOD REASONS DON'T HELP THE FARMER

"Many Eastern bankers appear to have nfidence neither in the farmers nor in e land. Bankers stumble over each her in their efforts to induce meatcking concerns, warehouse men, comission merchants, wholesalers of farm oducts, and manufacturers to do busiss with them. Let a farmer walk into ost of these same banks and ask for a an, and the bankers will turn up their ses. They tell the farmer that his assets e not liquid and therefore they can't an to him.

"A year or two ago our Farmers' Exange succeeded after considerable perasion in borrowing $10,000 from a local nk. We have paid our interest always time. This loan is backed up by not ss than $150,000 worth of valuable arket garden farms managed by the st farmers in this section of the East. hen we asked last week for a renewal this loan for another year, the bank as pronouncedly indifferent; it hesited, then told us it would rather loan e money to other business men. Now is same bank loans an abundance of oney to dealers in pork, beef, wheat, rn, and other farm products, to vegeble wholesalers and commission merants—all dealing in the products of the ry farms to which the bank acted so differently. And these same men kick cause the farmers don't do more. Now, may be wrong, but I think the Eastern bankers have had something to do with bringing on the food shortage."

Railways have also been a discouraging factor. A Maine farmer says: "Many cars last year were lost on their way and some made only two or three trips all season. Millions of bushels of 1919 wheat are still on the farm. In the Corn Belt the cribs are filled with last year's crops. Transportation facilities have got to be made adequate to the needs of the country and the railways compelled to deliver perishable goods in proper time or make good all losses to the farmers, if we are to continue to farm."

The average family in the city enjoys an abundance of running water, a bathroom, electricity, gas, telephone, street cars, vacuum cleaners, electric washing machines, and flatirons. Fully eighty per cent of the families on our American farms have no such conveniences. Community centers and good schools are among the things the modern farm family believes indispensable. But these cost money, and the farmers haven't got it.

"I would never advise a young woman to marry a farmer," said a woman of sixty who had spent all her life on a farm. Increasing intelligence is condemning the injustice of agricultural existence.

Farmers and farm help are leaving the farms, not because there is not enough for them to do but because there is too much; they are not being driven from the farm by the introduction of new machinery; they are deserting voluntarily.

RESENTMENT IS BITTER

The editor of the oldest agricultural journal in the world recently said: "The farmers of America are discouraged; they are filled with bitter resentment against conditions. Their list of grievances is a long one and each of them is real. They cannot be passed over lightly. They have tried the impossible task of feeding $2 corn to 14-cent hogs at a profit; they have lost millions in feeding high-priced feed to cattle, and have stood helplessly by and watched the city consumers pay as high prices for their pork chops and beefsteaks as they did when cattle and hogs were bringing a living return to their producers. They have had to stand idly by while agents of city industries painted beautiful pictures of high wages and better living conditions in the cities. Everything the farm has to sell is comparatively low in price or there is no market; and yet city consumers never paid such high prices. The farmers have had to bear their share of the high prices of clothes, but now when they have a crop of wool to dispose of there is absolutely no market. Nobody will bid on the farmer's wool. He has notes to meet, bills to pay, mortgages to liquidate, and still he has to pay gouging prices for the clothes he wears. The fruit men have paid high wages, bought expensive chemicals for spraying, and have spent months getting ready for the harvest, only to find that the high price of sugar has seriously curtailed their market.

"The farmers were vastly more patriotic than they were given credit for. They raised a billion bushels of wheat, and the Government forced prices away below the market levels, fixing it at a scale that barely paid the cost of production. The farmers were the only class of citizens compelled to do this. Other industries obtained cost plus and the privilege to make the cost as high as they chose. The farmers grit their teeth when they read about 200 per cent, 300 per cent, and 400 per cent dividends paid by manufacturers of shoes and textiles and sugar and other necessities. The farmers are now told that there is not money enough to finance the harvest."

Such is the picture. It is dark. But there is a ray of hope.

SEVEN CONCLUSIONS

THE farmer is compelled to pay for his seeds, machinery, groceries, fertilizer, and clothing whatever the dealers see fit to charge; but he is compelled to accept for his produce whatever the dealers see fit to pay.

2. Farming as an occupation is not attractive enough. The easier, brighter, and more profitable urban life has captivated the farmer's son and the "hired man."

3. There are no more new *profitable* farming regions left in the United States to be opened up. We have reached the end of cheap food production.

4. No new inventions or methods appear to be available with which to reduce the cost of farm production.

5. Farming has not as ready access to credit facilities as other industries.

6. Lawmakers are not, generally speaking, as much interested in remedial legislation in the cause of agriculture as in that of industry and commerce. We are sacrificing agriculture for the sake of industry, as England did, for which England is now sitting in sackcloth and ashes. The curse of child labor, which has been driven out of our factories, still persists on our farms.

7. Although a steadily increasing population causes a steadily growing need of farm products, there is evidence that American families can no longer pursue farming happily and profitably, and that only immigrant families can.

J. MADISON GATHANY.

In Later Issues Mr. Gathany will continue the narrative of his observations

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

WHAT ARE THE REQUIREMENTS OF A GOOD NOVEL?

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

"DO you know of a good book?" is probably the most frequent question asked by the average person in search of the mental recreation that comes from reading. The answer to this question does not lie in any analysis of novel writing from the standpoint of the author. The reader is the one who creates the demand. What does he want? That is the standpoint to be considered first.

And the first thing that suggests itself is that, as the standpoints of readers vary according to their environment and culture, there can be no standard by which a "good" book can be judged. If this is true there would be no case. We should have to stop short. But experience shows that there is an extraordinary agreement about certain books among a large variety of readers. Experiments by librarians have brought out the fact that people who patronize a library rather aimlessly, and have no well-defined standards of their own, will begin first on the lower order of books, but will gradually, of their own accord, gravitate to higher levels. They will first be attracted by the good story, and that it is crudely written will not trouble them. Little by little, however, they acquire the rudiments of a taste that constantly tends to make them more careful in their selections.

But if this is true on the part of the most uncultivated readers, on the other hand it is also true that the most cultivated people, especially if their lives are greatly occupied, will often seek lower levels in search of that kind of abstraction that comes from a story of action. Thus we have Justices of the Supreme Court reading dime novels with avidity; we have Macaulay devouring this kind of literature. President Wilson himself has confessed to this sort of dissipation.

There must, then, be a sort of middle ground where these two extremes meet; and it is to this middle ground that I would direct attention.

Dismissing those so-called "deeper" books that deal with history, philosophy, and science, many of which are read by large numbers of people, let us confine ourselves to fiction; and in fiction novels easily fall into three groups:

1. The character novel, in which everything else is subordinated to the delineation of certain types of human beings. These types are by no means photographic studies of real people, but are almost invariably the author's reactions to his own artistic sense of life. The novels of Henry James and George Meredith fall within this class. The people they portray are "built up" with a literary skill proceeding from the author's creative ability plus his conformity with the true principles of art, which hold good no matter in what field these principles may be expressed. For these same principles apply in music and painting and the drama.

2. The story of action, in which everything else is subordinated to the story itself, scarcely any attempt at art being displayed in the delineation of character and everything being leveled down to the course of the story, the construction of which must, from beginning to end, be without any unnecessary impediment, so that the reader is carried on unconsciously, his attention held by a continuous sense of mystery, until the *dénouement* comes. It should be observed that this kind of story ends with the book itself. The reader sighs, wishes that it might have been longer, is grateful that while reading it he has completely forgotten himself, and then proceeds to forget the book. A few weeks later it is extremely doubtful if he can tell anything about it.

3. *The great novel*, in which these two forms are blended into a whole. This occurs so rarely as to make the great novels extremely scarce, and even at that the great novels have blemishes. Fielding's "Tom Jones" is considered by leading critics to be the greatest English novel. It wanders along, from the modern reader's standpoint, rather aimlessly. Nevertheless it is one of the world's greatest novels, with the story element true to life and the character element true to literary art. To many lovers of Jane Austen her novels not only depict life true to literary art, but contain enough of a plot to carry them home. They may be read and re-read with increasing pleasure, and this in spite of Mark Twain and Mrs. Atherton. Yet there is no sense of excitement about them, slight incidents serving, because the author knows how to handle them, to create a dramatic interest.

In modern life Joseph Conrad's novels rank very high, yet there are many readers for whom they contain no interest. These readers do not rise to their story-telling power, and are cold to their characterization and fine English. This is due to Conrad's method of delineation, which he has developed from his own individual standpoint and which he has had to force gradually upon the attention of a growing body of readers.

This leads me to group novels in two other ways. First, the novel of pure entertainment, and, second, the novel of moral depth. Conrad's novels are of the second type, are essentially allegories. They treat of man's struggle against the elemental forces of nature, and unless the reader himself has developed a genuine sense of the difference between the moral and the purely material he is almost sure to miss Conrad entirely. To read one of Conrad's books purely for entertainment, just as one reads a detective story, is utterly to misunderstand it. When a novelist has this sense of moral values, that is, when he is deeply imbued with man's eternal struggle against the powers of darkness, the value of his art depends upon how he can tell his story in such a way as to keep up the interest without leaning too far in the other direction. That is the main difficulty with so many of the so-called problem novels. They are frankly nothing but propaganda, and that is always bad art. Dickens was enraged against some of the grossest abuses of his age, but, being a great artist, he was able to tell his story and keep the attention of the reader while bringing home his lesson.

But these two types may be combined. Take the historical novel, which has four elements, for it must not only tell a story and delineate character, but it must be sufficiently accurate to contain a correct idea of the age of which it treats, and in addition it may treat of the interplay of moral forces and bring home a great lesson. To those who know nothing of Rome and care less, Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" would lose a large part of its remarkable atmosphere and quality, although without this knowledge it would of course carry home its charm. To American readers more or less familiar with the history of their own country "The Scarlet Letter" would, however, be better understood.

Briefly, if the modern novelist is concerned only with the sale of his books, his problem is to avoid anything that taxes too much the minds of his readers, the great mass of whom desire to make no effort in reading a book, but prefer that the author should do all of the work. Thus a novelist who deals with a strange people must—from this standpoint—recreate them in such a way that the reader is not made to feel that he is being fed up with history. That is why the popular novelist writes of the things and the people everybody knows about. When he is a great novelist, however, this is by far his best medium. It is probable that if Mr. Conrad could have written of things nearer home his audience would have been more responsive. In reading his stories the reader is always repaid for the trouble he takes; but in the case of Dickens, no matter if he descends to pathos, or how torrential may be the stream of his book, the reader is carried along in a kind of swirl of humor and description and delightful surprises, and doesn't care much what happens to him. Mr. De Morgan's books contain a wealth of observation and delightful writing, but there is little order about them, and they miss fire from a lack of the principles underlying all art. To those who claim that art is nothing but personality I would register an immediate objection, for art is not alone personality, but it must be founded on a technique requiring even from genius itself a long apprenticeship. The history of all great artists is the history of one long struggle to achieve perfection.

The reader, therefore, in his search after the "good book," must begin with a definite idea of what he really wants. If his sole purpose is to pass away a certain period of time without any other result than to tide himself over that period, then he is apparently hopeless so far as good literature is concerned. But, as I have intimated in the beginning, even at that he is doing something, for as he plunges, one after another, into a number of exciting books that have only a story value and make no claims on his attention other than to keep him riveted to the spot while he is reading them, he is still bound, in the very nature of the case, to institute unconscious comparisons. He will discover that the "trashy" books are all of them built on the same formula, and, still quite unconsciously, he will discover that one of them is better written than another. At this point, in spite of himself, his sense of discrimination is aroused, and he is then on the path to better things. His next step will be the discovery that with books of genuine value the reader himself must always contribute something. He must exercise a certain patience and restraint, and must come to feel that there may be much more in the

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turn of a phrase, or in the background which, for a certain purpose, the author creates, than he at first suspected. In short, the reader must help the author by taking the time and thought to understand him. Snap judgments of a book, based on the fatal habit of skimming it over, are too common.

And still beyond the literary art displayed, the reader's own fundamental experience with life itself will be put to the test. If he discovers nothing in Conrad or Kipling beyond the story, about the telling of which there may be a divergence of opinion among those who think they know a story as a story, then he has still missed much, because he himself has missed many of the fundamental experiences of life.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

True Love. By Allan Monkhouse. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The title gives an erroneous impression of sweet sentimentalism. If anything, the book errs on the side of arid intellectualism. But the talk of the journalists, actor people, and theoretical internationalists is clever and epigrammatic. Their interests center around the "Manchester Herald," and it is obvious that the "Guardian" of that English city is in the author's mind. Whether it is worth while now to dissect the state of mind at the outbreak of the war of the English disciples of Tolstoi who believed that all war must be iniquitous and also beyond possibility, is perhaps debatable. One of the coterie of the book says in effect that all the world's crimes are due to national patriotism; but hazy, vague internationalism really underlay most of England's non-preparedness and lack of recognition of actualities. As fiction the book is not appealing, but it is keenly and sometimes brilliantly written.

Wind Between the Worlds (The). By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Not so well-rounded and satisfying as Miss Brown's "Bromleigh Neighborhood." But there is one capital character, a fine old New England grandmother, whose mind is keen, whose tongue is sharp, and whose heart is warm. One takes great joy in her scorn at the "psychic" trickery by which her daughter is led to hope that her dead soldier son can send her messages, and at all the sappy sentimentalism of the flabby talk that purports to be from those who have "gone over." A scientist who believes that a new radium-like substance he has found will give him wireless messages from the other world, and who, like most of the spiritists, ekes out by fraud the results he gets from his subconscious mind, is also a clear-cut figure—fanatic, scientist, and dreamer in one. The love-plot is singular, but not convincing or quite well managed.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Advancing Hour (The). By Norman Hapgood. Boni & Liveright, New York.

This is journalism, not literature nor history. The author demands freedom of speech and press, but he does not define either, nor does he indicate what, if anything, should be done by the State to protect the community from crimes committed by tongue and by pen. He devotes pages to the narration of incidents, some of very doubtful hearsay, in order to demonstrate, what no one doubts, that in time of war extravagant statements are made and exaggerated and fictitious stories are published. But his readers would never learn from him that the atrocities of the Germans in Belgium have been subjected to three independent official investigations, have been verified by oath, the time, place, and circumstances being given, and that no attempt has ever been made to deny the testimony or refute the conclusions reached. He demands the recognition of the Bolshevik Government in Russia as a *de facto* government without defining what a *de facto* government is. No government has a right to recognition unless it has both the power and the will to protect persons and property. Nor does he give to his readers any information respecting the official documents issued by the Bolshevik Government, or the Address made by Lenine to his constituents, in which the principles of Bolshevism are defined with great frankness. The best chapter in the book is chapter eight on the advantages of co-operation, over both Socialism and government regulation of great combinations, as a remedy for industrial injustice. The book ends with an unqualified admiration for Mr. Wilson and his policies. Mr. Norman Hapgood is an effective pamphleteer; but excellences in a pamphleteer are fatal defects in a historian.

> It was one of E. V. Lucas's great moments in America when he held in his hand Lamb's drafts of "Roast Pig" and "Dream Children." Mr. Lucas wants to know what British collectors were doing to let America get hold of the many letters and manuscripts of Keats and Shelley, Burns and Byron, Lamb and Johnson. The second part of his article "From an American Note-Book" will appear in the next issue of The Outlook. It ranges from Coney Island to the Guaranty Trust Company; and from Boston's Beacon Street to Philadelphia's Franklin Inn. One gathers that he has fallen quite in love with America, despite his conclusion that: "For the Nation's good nearly every one, I fancy, has too much money."

American World Policies. By David Jayne Hill. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

The author in his preface condemns the Paris League of Nations, which he defines as "a limited defensive alliance for the protection of existing possessions," and advocates one which will provide for "the enforcement of peace by conformity to international law as a body of just and equal rules for the conduct of nations in their relations with one another." Diplomat and historian, Dr. Hill is a recognized authority in international law. We do not know of any book so valuable as this for the information of editors, legislators, or other students of the League problem who wish to get in clear and authoritative form the objections to the Wilson, or Paris, League and an understanding of the grounds on which those objections are based. For such students the value of the book is greatly enhanced by the official documents appended to it, which include President Wilson's "Points," the "Covenant of the League," and the Senate's "Reservations."

Mexico in Revolution. By V. Blasco Ibañez. Translated by Arthur Livingston and Joseph Padin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Some Problems of the Peace Conference. By Charles Homer Hoskins and Robert Howard Lord. Harvard University Press, Cambridge.

Sovietism. By William English Walling. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Mr. William English Walling wrote in 1908 a volume on "Russia's Message" based on a careful and sympathetic study, especially of the Russian peasantry. Despite some extravagant claims for the creative power of the peasant population "in religion, in politics, in economic institutions," his volume is recognized as an authority in its peculiar field. This volume is therefore the more significant. It is a vigorous indictment of Bolshevism, which according to Mr. Walling is not an economic doctrine, nor a constructive programme, nor are the Bolshevists idealists, nor unselfish humanitarians, nor moral philosophers, nor representatives of the masses. They are not fighting against capitalism, nor against class rule, and have not developed any superior economic organization, and are not giving chief attention to feeding starving Russia or reorganizing its railways or other industries. They are fighting for power, for the rule of the proletariat, and against the religious institutions of the people, against peace, law and order, and are using as their *avowed* instruments compulsory labor, industrial dictatorship, the army, and the Red Terror. Mr. Walling quotes from official documents, from Soviet newspapers, and from the public addresses of Bolshevist leaders to support his charges. We do not know of any book from which the American reader can get a better photograph of Russian Bolshevism as portrayed and interpreted by the Bolshevists themselves.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Rick and Ruddy. The Story of a Boy and His Dog. By Howard R. Garis. Illustrated. The Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.

Wonder Stories. The Best Myths for Boys and Girls. By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Illustrated. The Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Freethinkers of the Nineteenth Century. By Janet E. Courtney. O.B.E. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

By "Freethinkers" Miss Courtney means not an avowed disbeliever in Christianity but one who, whatever his beliefs or disbeliefs, discards the authority of tradition. In this sense she herself is a freethinker. We should have made a somewhat different selection; we should have included in the freethinkers of the nineteenth century Principal Jowett, who did so much to emancipate education; F. W. Robertson, who emancipated the pulpit from the conventional requirements of his time, and Dean Stanley, who emancipated Bible students from their bondage to the letter. The influence of their life and teaching has been much more permanent than that of Charles Bradlaugh or Harriet Martineau. But Miss Courtney has done her work well; her brief biographies are intelligent, sympathetic, and discriminating, and are interesting reading.

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THE OLD ENGLISH COFFEE-HOUSE

BY FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

THE American saloon has vanished. It frittered away its day of grace, and the cold intelligence of the American public is set against it once for all. Yet, blighting and iniquitous as the American saloon proved itself to be, we are compelled to admit that in some respects it supplied a legitimate social need. Is it not now high time for us to inquire what this pearl of value is that through all these years has found its lodging-place in the swine's snout? Since the saloon has disappeared, we should see to it that whatever component it contained of social value should be preserved and utilized for the continued benefit and enjoyment of men. What, then, is this subtle and potent ingredient—purity in the midst of impurity? Does it not lie in the deep and perennial desire of men to come together in free and independent good fellowship amid surroundings that minister to leisure and good cheer and physical comfort? And has not human nature always and everywhere decreed as an almost necessary accompaniment of such intercourse that men shall eat and drink together? Surely, if the charm exercised by the saloon resides in this enjoyment of unconstrained and democratic indulgence in talk and food and drink, it ought not to be hard to provide an acceptable substitute.

It seems to the writer of this article (one who is incurably social and gregarious, and at the same time, both in theory and practice, an enthusiastic investigator of the eating and drinking habits of mankind) that the English coffee-house of the seventeenth century supplies us with just such an example of a popular social institution as we are now in search of here in America as a substitute for the saloon. There remains in England to-day no vestige of the coffee-house as a distinctive institution; but for a century—from 1650 to about 1750—it exerted a unique and powerful influence on the national life. During the period of its supremacy it met definite and widespread needs—needs that we speed maniacs of the twentieth century, with our highly organized business, social, and political life, can scarcely conceive of. The coffee-house was at once a sort of specialization of the higher and more intellectual aspects of the tavern, a forerunner of the club life of the succeeding century, and a substitute for the daily newspaper. It afforded every requisite for comfort, convenience, and companionship, and all this at the slightest cost and with no temptation to debauchery. At the expense of only a penny a man could find light and warmth and congenial company; a place to receive his letters; access to the latest news; a common meeting-place for the transaction of business; untrammeled opportunity to discuss politics; the privilege of gleaning expert knowledge from the lips of the great or those who were near neighbors to the great; and, finally, the incentive to cultivate fine manners, correct decorum, and sound morals. All this in addition to gratifying his palate—for the outlay of another penny—with the beverage that makes men wise and keeps them sober. It is not strange, in the light of all this, that the coffee-house should have come to be looked upon as an institution of national importance; that it should have seemed so fit and fascinating to all classes; that it should have been called the citizen's academy; and that an Oxford wit should have said, "Learning no longer remains a dry pursuit."

The practical task of establishing and operating coffee-houses attractively and successfully here in America must, of course, be left to expert students of society and to professional caterers. But even in these bread and butter and coffee and pipe and newspaper matters much valuable information may be drawn from the practices and material conveniences of the coffee-house in the time of Dryden and Swift and Addison. There is, too, so much that is quaint and charming about these old English coffee-houses that it may not be amiss to point out in some measure what constituted the rich and varied life of the typical

From "The Early History of Coffee-Houses"

HEADING OF BROADSIDE, 1674

English coffee-house in its high and palmy days.

At that time each place had its own appropriate sign—a hand pouring coffee from a Turkish pot into a coffee-dish, a sultan or a sultaness, or the Great Mogul in his chair of state. Once within the charmed circle of the coffee-house, we see a clean, well-sanded floor, orderly and decent stools and benches, and nicely polished tables. A great fire burns cheerily at the end of the room, and before it an abundance of water is kept continually boiling. Shining rows of coffee-dishes and coffee-pots are conveniently displayed about the room. A buxom dame or a pretty maid presides graciously at the bar; and within a glass case near at hand the letters of the regular patrons are so arranged that the addresses may easily be read. The coffee-boy or the master of the house plies industriously to and fro, supplying newspapers, pipes, and tobacco; replenishing the empty dishes; and welcoming or repelling newcomers as occasion may demand.

Upon entering, each person paid a penny at the counter, and coffee was usually twopence a dish. There was no other charge. Regular frequenters of the place had their favorite seats reserved for them, and were accorded special attentions by the mistress or the landlord. A certain amount of privacy could be secured by individual or fraternal groups by retiring into inner rooms reserved for guests of special pretensions. A man of fashion or leisure might be expected at the coffee-house between ten and twelve in the morning; and again after his two-o'clock meal from four to six. He might then go to walk in the park or might attend the theater; or he might remain throughout the evening, as Dryden and many wits often did. When quest was made for a man on any account, it was not asked where he lived, but what coffee-house he was in the habit of frequenting. Some habitual loiterers and gossips made a practice of going about from one coffee-house to another, visiting several of them between breakfast and bedtime. In the earlier days the coffee-house was a perfectly democratic and representative meeting-place. All classes and conditions of men came together; so that here might be seen every type of individual from the braggart and the bully to the fop and the philosopher. Hither came the wit, the beau, the politician, the country greenhorn, the soldier, the apprentice, the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, the man of the world, and even the gentleman of the road. Nobles and plebeians, Whigs and Tories, Quakers and Puritans and Cavaliers—all alike frequented the coffee-house. Men of like tastes and pursuits tended, of course, to meet together, with the inevitable result that each particular coffee-house soon came to have its own congenial group of patrons and to take on more or less the character of a club—but democratic none the less, and not until a rather late period crystallizing into distinctive club life.

The distinctive features of the old English coffee-house are almost identical with the popular features of the modern saloon: accessibility, democracy, convenience, physical comfort, comradeship, information, amusement—all this at slight cost. Whatever modern institution is evolved as a substitute for the saloon must recognize and emphasize these universally attractive qualities. It is not amiss for the church to do what it can to supply the physical and social needs hitherto provided by the saloon. But when the church and philanthropy have done their utmost to reclaim men and open to them the doors of sober comfort and wholesome fellowship for mind and spirit, the great mass of men who have been habitual frequenters of the saloon will have been unreached. In large measure they must find or devise their own substitutes, or must find their satisfaction in new institutions that will arise naturally out of new conditions. Community centers will increase more and more; cities and States will be more prompt and intelligent than they have been in the past to provide from the public money public comforts and conveniences such as the saloon has been accustomed to supply, and business enterprise and foresight will recognize the new demand and will set about meeting it, in the spirit of mere gain, adapting their establishments as far as possible to the same desires that were formerly supplied by the saloon. Foremost among all these purely business undertakings, it would seem to the writer, should be the modernized coffee-house, modeled upon that of two hundred years ago, but, so far as possible, taking over the unique, popular, and unobjectionable features of the American saloon. Why should not the great wholesale coffee dealers of the country take lessons from the brewers, and thereby, at this transitional juncture in the social and drinking habits of the American people, vastly stimulate the sale of coffee through the establishment in opportune locations of hundreds of cozy, attractive, accessible, well-equipped and well-managed and advertised coffee-houses?

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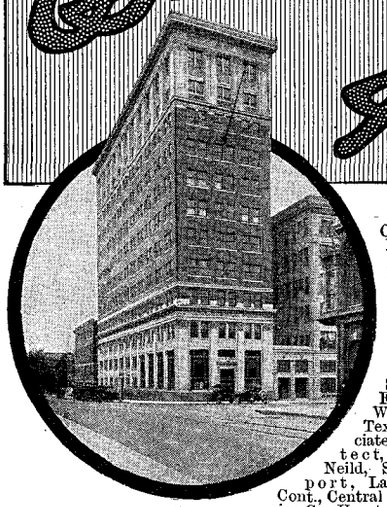
Barrett Specification Roofs

Bonded for 20 and 10 Years



City National Bank Building, Shreveport, La., Architects, Languinet & Statts, Fort Worth, Texas. Associate Architect, E. F. Neild, Shreveport, La.; Gen'l Cont., Central Contracting Co., Houston, Texas; Roofers, H. H. Bain Sheet Metal Works, Shreveport, La.

Another "Specification" City—

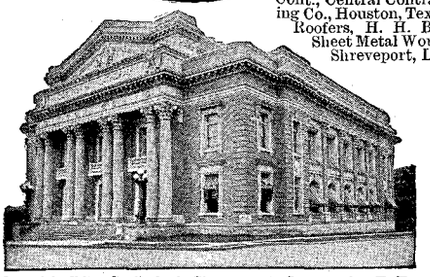
AMERICA'S leading architects and construction engineers are practically unanimous in their endorsement of Barrett Specification Roofs. This is best proved by the fact that most of the permanent modern buildings all over the country have roofs of this type.

Take Shreveport, La., for instance—

This thriving city—the center of one of the richest sections of the South—is carrying forward an ambitious program of civic improvement and commercial expansion.

The soundness of the city's rapid development is attested by the substantial character of the new buildings, a few of which are shown on this page.

And nearly all the important buildings erected in Shreveport in recent years are covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.



Scottish Rite Cathedral, Shreveport, La. Arch., E. F. Neild, Shreveport, La.; Gen'l Cont., Stewart-McGhee, Little Rock, Arkansas; Roofers, H. H. Bain Sheet Metal Works, Shreveport, La.

The Highland Sanitarium and Addition. Arch., C. W. King, Shreveport, La.; Gen'l Cont., Stewart-McGhee, Little Rock, Ark., Roofers, H. H. Bain Sheet Metal Wks., Shreveport, La.

The Only Bonded Roof

Barrett Specification Roofs are the only roofs insured by a Surety Company Bond against upkeep and repair expense.

This Surety Bond runs for 20 or 10 years and is issued without cost to the owner. It may be obtained on any Barrett Specification Roof of 50 squares or larger in towns of 25,000 or more, *and in many smaller places where our inspection service is available.*

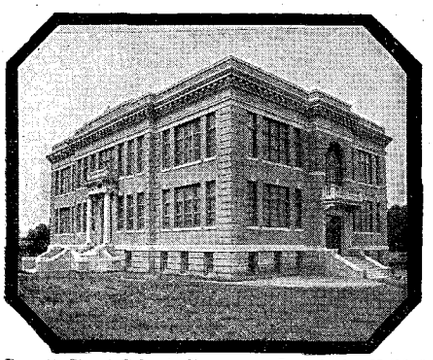
Our only stipulations are that The Barrett Specification *revised April 15, 1920*, shall be strictly followed and that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and his work subject to our inspection.

Important Notice

The Barrett Specification Type "AA" 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof covering it is possible to construct, and while we bond it for twenty years only, we can name many roofs of this type that have been in service over forty years and are still in good condition.

Where the character of the building does not justify a roof of such extreme length of service, we recommend the Barrett Specification Type "A" Roof, bonded for 10 years. Both roofs are built of the same high-grade materials, the only difference being in the quantity used.

Full details regarding these Bonded Roofs and copies of The Barrett Specification sent free on request.



Barrett Street School, Shreveport, La. Arch., Neild & Olshver, Shreveport, La.; Gen'l Cont., W. H. Werner, Shreveport, La.; Roofers, J. W. Wilkinson, Shreveport, La.

The Barrett Company

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Hawaii's Serious Problems

TELL how Hawaii came to be annexed to the United States. Do you think we acted wisely in accepting possession of these islands?

Explain the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the Hawaiian Government. How are the Governor, the Senate, and the House of Representatives chosen?

Compare the Hawaiian Government with the Governments of Alaska, the Philippines, and Porto Rico.

Can the Legislature of Hawaii enact any laws it sees fit?

Suppose a question regarding the Constitutional privileges of a citizen of Hawaii should arise, where would the question be settled?

Do you think the United States Government should take a hand in solving the problems of Hawaii that are mentioned in this article?

What points would you include in "a wise and adequate programme of education and Americanization" for the people of Hawaii?

What is the meaning of the "*coolie class*," *evictions*, *sabotage*, *equitable*, *heterogeneous*?

The Public and the Strikers

One newspaper says that the two million or more Brooklyn citizens "merely desired to be let alone so that they could go peaceably about their business unmolested and safe from bodily harm." Is this the extent of interest the public should take in strikes? Do you think the public ought to be willing to undergo inconvenience in order to help strikers achieve their objects?

As part of its plan for dealing with industrial disputes, The Outlook advocates the incorporation of labor unions. What good would this do? Why don't union leaders themselves advocate the incorporation of the unions?

The Outlook also advocates the right of collective bargaining. What does collective bargaining mean? Why is there any question about the right of collective bargaining?

If wage-earners did not strike, do you think they would be working for less than living wages? Do employers of men and women in your community show a voluntary practical interest in the social and economic betterment of their employees?

Ought wage-earners always to keep their contracts? Should there be a means of enforcing contracts entered into by wage-earners? Illustrate both of your answers.

There seems to be considerable opposition on the part of labor unions to compulsory arbitration. Should arbitration be compulsory or voluntary? If you were a wage-earner, which would you prefer? Why?

Do you think industrial concerns should call in strike-breakers?

What, in your opinion, are the purpose and the aim of organized labor in America?

Define the following: *Incorporation*, *corollary*, *public sentiment*, *subterfuge*, *ultra-radical*, *impertinent*.

Some of the most valuable books on labor movements and labor problems are "Labor and the Common Welfare," by Samuel Gompers (E. P. Dutton); "Labor's Challenge to the Social Order," by John G. Brooks (Macmillan); "The Casual Laborer," by C. H. Parker (Harcourt, Brace & Howe); "Labor and the Employer," by Samuel Gompers (E. P. Dutton).

The Hunger Strike as a Weapon

Should the British Government release Mr. MacSwiney from prison?

Many people do not know the plan of self-government which Great Britain has offered to Ireland. What is England's real attitude on Ireland?

What are the rights of Ireland as seen from the Sinn Fein view-point?

Is it the divisions within Ireland itself or want of good will on England's part that causes the delay of a peaceful settlement between England and Ireland?

Tell what you think of injecting the Irish question into American politics?

Do you think this country should recognize the so-called Irish Republic? Tell why or why not.

Would you be willing to have the United States engage in war with Great Britain over the question of Irish independence?

Both sides of Ireland's case are presented in the September (1920) number of "Current History Magazine." Read it. Also read "Ireland and England," by E. Turner (Century), and "Ireland a Nation," by R. Lynd (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

A Question and a Comment

What is your opinion of The Outlook's argument against a federation of nations at the present time analogous to the federation of States in the United States? Support your opinion.

An editor of a Democratic newspaper charges the Republican party with playing politics with peace. Is there any proof that the editor is right?

There are those who believe that if the United States does not join the League of Nations as advocated by President Wilson and Governor Cox it will show that the United States is a coward. Is this so?

What is your definition for the following terms: *Civilization*, *federation*, *analogous*, *confederation*, *contiguous*?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

Worn the World Over

For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to men the world over. It not only keeps the old friends but makes many new ones each year. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

GEORGE FROST CO., *Makers* BOSTON

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SELECTED GOSPEL HYMNS

A choice selection from the famous

MOODY & SANKEY GOSPEL HYMNS, 1 to 6 COMPLETE

Herein are the favorite and the tenderest of the World's best hymns; those hymns which have endured the longest by the estimate of time. In durable cloth binding for all departments of the Church. **$50 per 100,** carriage extra.

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A Cash Offer for Cartoons and Photographs

Cash payment, from $1 to $5, will promptly be made to our readers who send us a cartoon or photograph accepted by The Outlook.

We want to see the best cartoons published in your local papers, and the most interesting and newsy pictures you may own. Read carefully the coupons below for conditions governing payment. Then fill in the coupon, paste it on the back of the cartoon or print, and mail to us.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the ..... of the following date ..... If this particular clipping is selected for reproduction in The Outlook, I will accept One Dollar as payment in full for my service in bringing it to your attention. I agree that if it is not used it will not be returned nor its receipt acknowledged.

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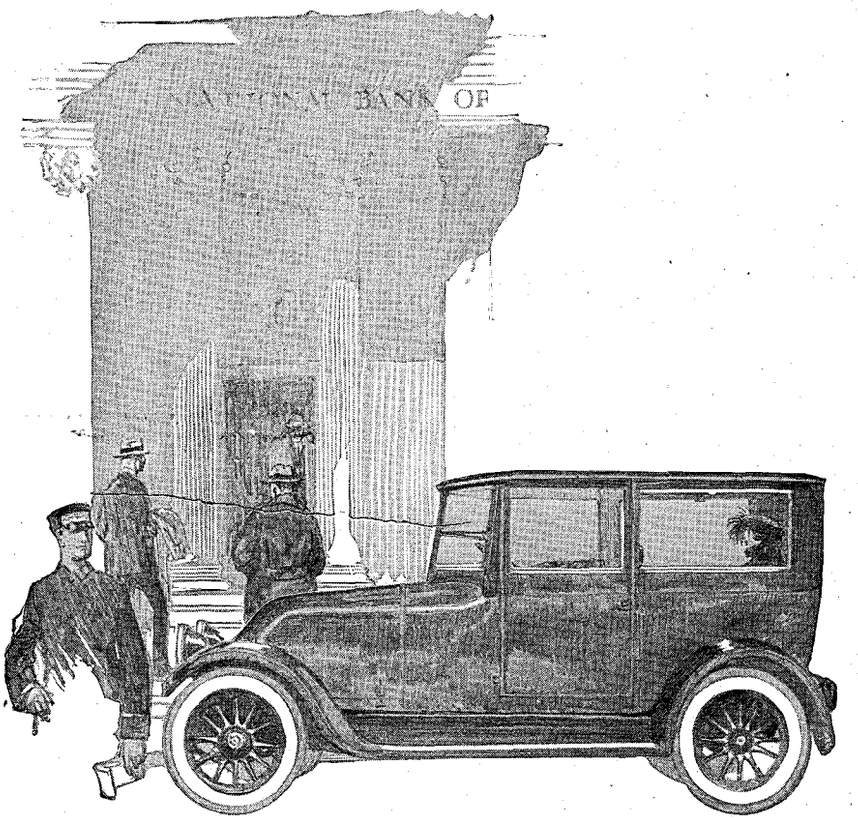

THE FRANKLIN

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
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MOTOR CAR performance above the average is something that most owners are willing to pay for. With the Franklin you not only get such performance, but get it *at less cost.*

Greater comfort, easier control, fewer annoyances and delays, even in covering greater distances in a day—all this is yours with a Franklin. And yet your gasoline, tire and repair bills are practically *halved.*

Nothing indicates more clearly what motorists think of this combined road-ability and economy than this fact:

1920 will increase the total number of Franklin owners to over 65,000—an increase of more than 22% during the year.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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Photo by Brown Bros. N. Y.

Children ARE IN Danger

PROTECT THEIR SCHOOLS

American communities have suffered the actual horrors of schoolhouse fires. This costly lesson is unheeded in cities and villages without number.

In every community there are school buildings which lack full fire protection.

A Pyrene Fire Extinguisher will put out any fire in its early stages, even a gasoline or electric fire. A teacher or pupil can operate it. Pyrene puts out many a blaze while the fire department is "on the way."

A Pyrene extinguisher should be in every schoolroom and a Guardene soda-and-acid extinguisher in every hallway.

Photo by Brown Bros., N. Y.

More than 100 children perished in this school fire

PYRENE
MANUFACTURING CO.
INC.
17 East 49th Street, New York
Atlanta Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
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Sold by hardware and electrical supply, school supply dealers and garages

Write for Pyrene Fire Booklet showing complete line of fire-fighting and fire-prevention appliances for public buildings, homes, industrial plants, etc.

PILGRIM MOTHERS

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

(The first baptismal names entered in the records of the church founded by the Pilgrims at Boston were those that appear in these verses)

Pilgrim mothers—when your ship
  Clove the wildness of the West!
When the sea-wind's icy grip
  Chilled the dream within your breast!
What of peril? What of woe?
  What of pain and pestilence
Made you name your children so—
  "Pity," "Joy," and "Recompense"?

When your unaccustomed hands
  Helped to break the stubborn ground,
When your titles to the lands
  Were a headstone and a mound;
Whence your calm, submissive mood,
  'Midst the new world's turbulence,
That you named your infant brood—
  "Pity," "Joy," and "Recompense"?

Pilgrim mothers—still the years
  Hang their misty goals in space!
We in turn are pioneers
  To an onward-surging race!
You who by the barren rock
  Built the spirit's excellence,
Make us worthy of your flock—
  "Pity," "Joy," and "Recompense"!

HOW TO LOSE YOUR TEMPER

BY MARGARET WENTWORTH

We are told all through childhood's formative years that we should always keep our tempers, and we are given examples like Sir Isaac Newton and his little dog Diamond and Patient Griselda, just as though they were equally applicable to the case; whereas, as I shall endeavor to show, they are poles apart. But, after all, who wants the same old temper all his life? Who can be sure that if he lost it he would not find a much nicer one? Above all, what person who contemplates the benefits won for himself and others by people's having lost their temper at the right time can dodge doing his share? On the other hand, if the people who lose their tempers, anyhow, would but study doing so to the best advantage, who can tell what might not be gained thereby? No one spends time or thought on how to do something which he does not want ever to do, like falling out of a third-story window or interfering between man and wife; but, though some very good people disapprove of dancing, most people feel that those who are going to dance anyhow should be taught to do it gracefully. Therefore I am about to lay down a few cardinal rules on this question of losing one's temper. It should be done—

Seldom;
Thoroughly;
At the right time;
To the right person;

It should stay lost until the situation is remedied if it be remediable;

A better one should be recovered in its place;

The evil remedied and the temper recovered, the incident is dead, and *there should be no post-mortems.*

A word or two under each of these heads, like an old-time sermon.

It should be seldom, both because otherwise it loses all its effect and because it is really very tiresome to get angry. That is

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why a great many people get the reputation of being good-tempered who in reality are only lazy. But I do not agree with the doctors who say that anger is always a poison. Righteous anger may be like an electrical storm and clear the air for miles around; and while all strong emotions are tiring, this is not considered ground on which to argue that love and ambition are poisons. A steady grouch is different; that I consider a malignant poison. A friend of mine whose family consists of several grown-ups once told me that they allow each member of the family one unexplained grouch per month, to last not more than twenty-four hours. If there is a hangover the next day, the guilty member must either see the doctor or the priest (they are Roman Catholics). That seems to me eminently sane and reasonable; no one can go on being "Pollyanna" forever; you let your pessimism come to a head, like a boil, prick it, and feel better.

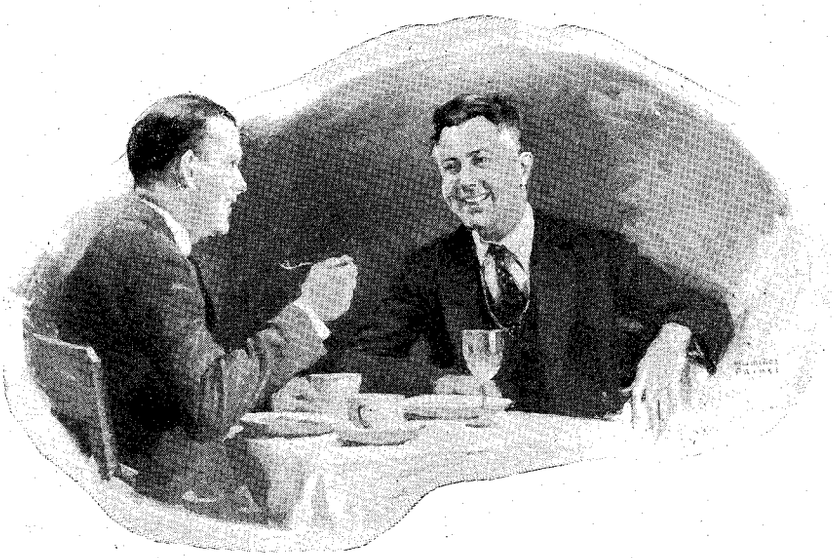
Thoroughly. In the same formative years of childhood we were told that whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well. Not that we should swear and throw things, but that we should not let our anger evaporate until it has produced results. All emotion should be expressed in action, and our anger, having been aroused, should not leave any one in any doubt as to its getting what it is going after. When we are "mad clear through," we exercise a psychic power of which we ourselves and every one else with whom we come in contact are conscious.

At the right time. The right time is when there are means at hand of making our anger effectual. When you hear of graft or some dirty piece of double-dealing on the part of a politician, for instance, the right time to be angry is on election day. On the other hand, in private life, the right time to be angry is usually when the offense is committed. Many people, like all children and animals, have short memories, and do not really know what you are punishing them for except immediately after the fault.

To the right person. Here is where Sir Isaac Newton's patience comes in. To have beaten Diamond, the dog, for tearing his manuscript to pieces would have been unworthy of any just man, and tenfold more so in a philosopher. It is never right to lose one's temper with an irresponsible agent. It is cowardly to visit the shortcomings of a company on a helpless employee of that company. It is rude and unavailing to abuse a clerk or servant for a fault that is none of his, and it is still worse if you know in your heart that you would not dream of saying the same things to his employer. Hit as hard as you like, but hit some one on your own level.

It should stay lost until the situation is remedied if it be remediable. Most people's tempers are like fires of straw, flaring up and dying out before you have had time to warm your fingers. Here is where my objection to Patient Griselda comes in. Not that her temper flared—that spineless creature does not seem to have possessed one; but that, having a remedy to her hand, she preferred to endure every indignity rather than walk quietly out of the back door and leave the brute forever. I remember once hearing the late President Roosevelt speak of her in terms which voiced my own opinion of her and afterwards thanked him for it. "And with everything else she was such a bad influ-

(*Continued on page 119*)



See These Results

Learn what clean teeth mean

All statements approved by high dental authorities

See the results of the new way of teeth cleaning. They are quick and decisive. You will know at once that they mean a lifetime of cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people employ it. And the glistening teeth seen everywhere show what it means. See what it means to you.

A film combatant

Most tooth troubles are now traced to film—to that viscous coat you feel. Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So the film remains—much of it—and may do a ceaseless damage. Nearly all people suffer from it, more or less.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

New methods now

Dental science, after years of searching, has found new ways to fight film. All have been proved by many clinical tests. They are so efficient that leading dentists everywhere advise them.

These methods are combined now in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It has brought a new era in teeth cleaning. This is the tooth paste we urge you to try.

Watch the new effects

The use of Pepsodent at once reveals many new effects.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the films. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Pepsodent is the new-day tooth paste, complying with all modern requirements. It does what never before was done. You should learn its benefits at once.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Watch the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Every one in your family needs Pepsodent daily, and a week will prove this to you. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

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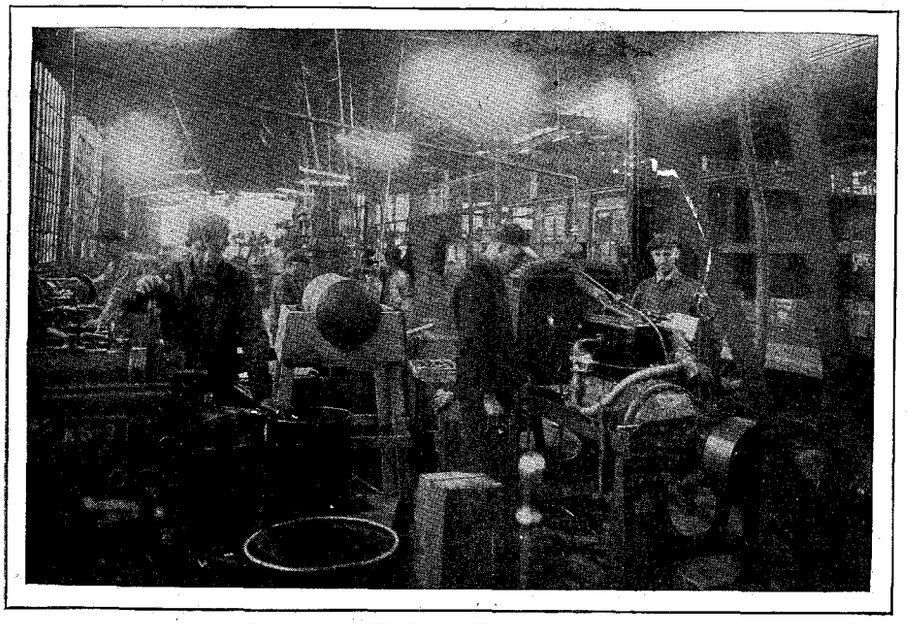
THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

KEEPING UP PRODUCTION WITH MOTOR TRUCK ENGINES

If the country should be blessed or annoyed with another coal strike this winter, there is one Indiana manufacturer of motor trucks who will not spend much time worrying about it. He'll just do the very thing he did last winter, and put a fleet of motor truck engines to work keeping his production schedule up to mark. The plant was not shut down one day during the period of coal shortage, and with a most surprising stability the production planned was carried through. In one instance it was found possible to operate thirty pieces of machinery with power developed from one truck engine. And this machinery ran under a heavy load continuously during a nine-hour day. Seven of the truck engines were installed throughout the shops in advantageous positions.

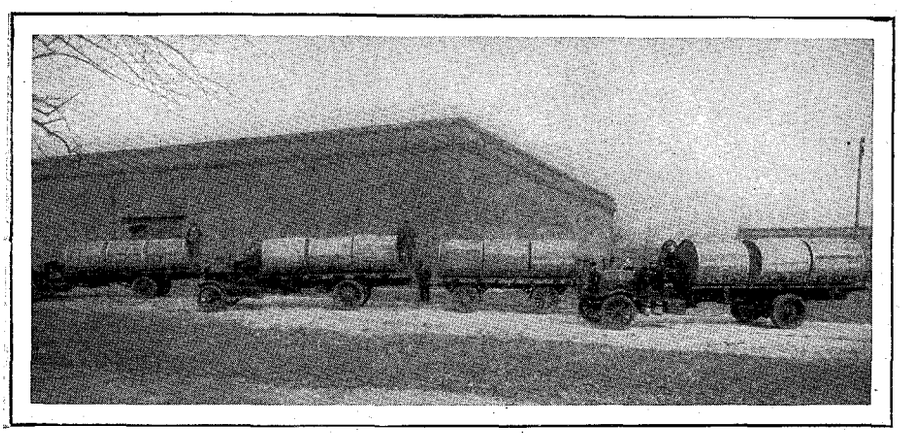


LACK OF COAL CAUSES NO SHUT-DOWN IN THIS FACTORY

All of the engines were stock motors, and were rigged on test stands and belted to the machinery to be operated. High wooden stands carried the gasoline tanks so that they could not be easily turned over where much movement of machinery was being done.

TWENTY-FOUR HOGSHEADS OF TOBACCO

Not all the tobacco used in the world is raised outside of America, and it probably would surprise many people if they were told that great quantities of tobacco raised in Virginia and other Southern States are exported every year. Take, for instance, this shipment of leaf tobacco at Richmond, Virginia. Here are two 3½-ton trucks, each with six hogsheads of tobacco, and a 5-ton truck with trailer, carrying six hogsheads and hauling a like number on the trailer—a total of twenty-four hogsheads. This immense quantity of leaf tobacco is on its way to Australia. The 3½ and 5-ton trucks haul respectively three and six times as much tobacco per load as was formerly hauled by a team, and take it to the terminal in much quicker time.



SPEEDING UP TOBACCO SHIPMENTS

This Wonderful Range With Two Ovens

Bakes Bread, Pies, Biscuits Broils, Roasts, and Cooks Nine Different Vegetables All At One Time.

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

Gold Medal
Glenwood

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—It

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 179 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

President Suspenders
for comfort
Every pair guaranteed
MADE AT SHIRLEY MASSACHUSETTS

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HOW TO LOSE YOUR TEMPER

(Continued)

ence for her husband, you know," he said. Where would we have been to-day without the people who lost their tempers in behalf of right and justice and never dreamed of recovering them until that particular evil had been spaded under? We reap the fruit of their labors; it is for us to tackle the problems of to-day in the same spirit.

A better one should be recovered in its place. Moralists would probably scout at this and say that whenever one is angry one has permanently warped one's disposition. I contend that this is not true. If you have observed the rules of losing your temper, and can feel that besides the relief of having worked off your emotion you have accomplished something worth while for yourself and others, I believe that you are disposed to purr and that you will be peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated until another real wrong presents itself.

The evil remedied and the temper recovered, the incident is dead, and *there should be no post-mortems.* Even with the fear of the suffragists before my eyes, I must say that this part of my talk is directed especially to my own sex. If a woman loses money, she thinks for months thereafter of all she could have bought with it; I know that, because I do it myself. A man charges it off to profit and loss and forgets about it. And so in this matter of losing one's temper. It is proverbial that men shake hands after a fight and bear no malice. Again I am judging others by myself. I have had but one quarrel that resulted in my losing a friend since I have been grown up; that was eighteen years ago, and I could (though I won't) tell you all its details. Perhaps some clever person will invent a system for forgetting, similar to the various memory systems now on the market, to help those who, like myself, have ower gude memories.

A wiser man than any of this generation said that there was a time to be angry. When that time comes in your life, think of these seven rules and then be angry and sin not; but get what you start out for.

The whole world loves the quiet man
Who is silent all day as the owls;
But it's needless to mention that it gives its attention
To the fellow who gets up and howls.

The whole world loves the peaceful man
Who sees no occasion to bicker;
But the full right of way you'll permit me to say
It gives to the strenuous kicker.

A COMPANION TALE TO DAUDET'S "LA DERNIERE CLASSE"

I have recently read with great pleasure the story by Mr. Platt in the August 4 issue—"The First Class." This story, as doubtless many of your readers have informed you, is a worthy companion piece to Daudet's "La Dernière Classe," which latter story is a favorite of mine because of its great human interest. I use every year in class teaching the story by Daudet, and I shall now add this one by Platt; for the two very neatly summarize a half-century-long episode in French history.

G. H. McGaw,
Head Master Woodsville High School.

Woodsville, New Hampshire.

Don't pass by

And let that corn keep hurting

Don't pass a drugstore that sells Blue-jay if you ever suffer corns.

Blue-jay stops the corn pain. A simple touch applies it. And soon the toughest corn will loosen and come out.

The Blue-jay way is gentle, easy, sure. It comes in plaster or in liquid form.

It is scientific—a product of this world-famed laboratory.

Millions now employ it. Most of the corns that develop are being ended by it.

Compare it with old methods, harsh and uncertain. Learn what folly it is to merely pare and pad corns.

Use Blue-jay on one corn tonight. Watch that corn go. Then remember that every corn can thus be ended the moment it appears. A week-old corn should be unknown in these days.

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The Scientific Corn Ender
BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
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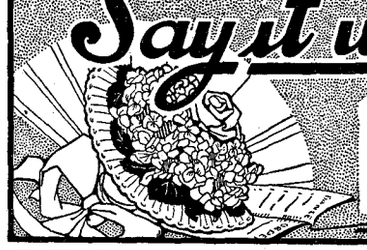
"Say it with Flowers"



The Week End becomes a sweet memory — made still sweeter by the thought of your fragrant Flowers.

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Most of your friends use it and profit by it

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At the Western End of the Mohawk Trail
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